

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

Published weekly by the Leslie Publishing Company, No. 1000 Broadway, New York.

Vol. XXVII. No. 1008

New York, October 1, 1903

Price 10 Cents

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THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



The Dizziet Perch (Glacier Point) in the Yosemite Valley.—Mrs. C. R. Miller.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

Vol. XCVII.

No. 2508

PUBLISHED BY THE JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FOURTH AVE.,
CORNER 19TH STREET, NEW YORK
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WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE
688-690 MARQUETTE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.
EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Paris, France.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Terms: \$4.00 per year; \$2.00 for six months
Foreign Countries In Postal Union, \$5.00
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, and in Hawaii
Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa, Canada, and
Mexico. Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by
express or postal order, not by local checks, which, under present banking
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY should always be asked to produce
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Thursday, October 1, 1903

The Uprising Against the Turk.

MANY REASONS are asserted for the outbreak against the Turkish government in the Balkans. The reason that lies most obviously on the surface, and that is most often referred to, is the failure of Turkey to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin entered upon in 1878. It is charged that the scheme of reforms in Macedonia then proposed and agreed upon by the Sultan on condition that this province should be retained under his control has never been carried out in any particular, but that, on the contrary, Turkey has deliberately violated every pledge made for the protection of the non-Mohammedan population of Macedonia, and continued the same old system of extortion, outrage, and robbery which has made the rule of the Turk always and everywhere in modern times a stench in the nostrils of civilization.

These charges of treachery and violation of pledges are true beyond all question. In spite of the denials made by the Sultan's representatives at Washington, London, and other capitals, and the exaggerated reports sent from news centres in the Balkans, it is undoubtedly true that a condition of affairs has existed in Macedonia for months past fully as horrible and revolting as that which stirred the European Powers to action in Bulgaria twenty-five years ago, and resulted in the rescue of that suffering and blood-stained country from the clutches of the "great assassin" who sits by the Bosphorus.

The recent memorandum relating to conditions in Macedonia sent out by the Bulgarian government tells a story of woe which cannot be gainsaid. This statement shows in detail that the Sultan has failed to observe the promises he made four months ago to Russia and Austria; instead, he has enacted sterner measures of repression, and has sought "every possible pretext to persecute, terrorize, and ruin the inhabitants" of Macedonia. This memorandum is the most terrible indictment of the Turkish government yet made, and is enough in itself to fully justify the intervention of the European Powers to end the rule of the Turk in the Balkans.

It must be conceded that the difficulties in Macedonia, as in other parts of the Balkans, are greatly aggravated by racial feuds and religious jealousies and rivalries existing among its mixed population. Even should Macedonia become independent of Turkey, as it is certain to be sooner or later, these unhappy diversities of race and religion will make the problem of securing a peaceable and orderly government difficult to solve. To these dissensions and jealousies is due the fact that the rule of the Turk has been so long endured in Europe; and it will be because of these hatreds that when the Turk returns to Asia, as sooner or later he must, the different races will pass under his rule instead of their own. Religious prejudices and racial obstinacy have been the bane of the Christians of European Turkey. These differences prepared the way for the Ottoman conquest, and made the separated races an easy prey. By playing artfully on these weaknesses the Turk has kept them in subjection with the aid of England and France in the now admitted unjust war of 1854.

But after making all due allowance for these causes of strife and misery due to the character of the Macedonians themselves, the deeper cause and the true root of the whole trouble lies in the fact of Turkish rule. Enlightened and orderly government, freedom of thought, liberty of action, social and industrial progress, educational advancement, in brief, any of the benefits that go with wise, firm, and truly civilized government are simply inconceivable under the cruel, merciless, and mediaeval system of administration which Turkey imposes upon every land and people that fall under her sway. Such are the tenets of the religion which the Turk professes and by which he regulates all his relations to his fellow-men, social and political, that peace and concord, progress and enlightenment, are absolutely impossible wherever the Turk and his faith are in control. Mohammedanism is es-

sentially a religion of hate and intolerance, of sensuality and animalism, and in the degree that it prevails in any region of the earth, to that degree must darkness, ignorance, social degradation, and political misery prevail. The conditions that exist in Macedonia are the inevitable outcome of a struggle between modern ideas of society and government and the Turkish idea. What is happening in Macedonia will happen some day in every other land or province wherever Turkish authority extends, with the result elsewhere, as it must be in Macedonia, that either the spread of civilization and enlightenment must cease or the rule of the Turk must end. The two cannot go on together.

A Great Man Recalled.

OCTOBER 5th will be a day of commemoration of the spiritual greatness and intellectual power of Jonathan Edwards, born two hundred years ago in East Windsor, Conn., and now generally conceded to have been the greatest intellectual figure in America during the eighteenth century, and one of the permanent or fixed stars in the firmament of our literature and philosophy. At a time when English writers on philosophy, like Mr. Haldane, are frankly admitting that American philosophers are doing the most constructive thinking in philosophy that is now being done, it will be timely for Americans to turn anew to consideration of the great figure of the past.

Edwards was the greatest preacher of his time, judged by his effects on congregations and by the transforming effect of his conception of church membership in purifying the spiritual atmosphere of New England, and ultimately of the sections of the country in which New Englanders settled and dominated the local ideals. Over-emphasis on the rigorous quality of his Calvinism and the awfulness of his realism as a preacher of everlasting punishment has obscured from the masses of his fellow-countrymen the beauty of his personal character, the spiritual and mystical quality of much of his writings, the idyllic love he had for his wife, the moral sublimity of his course when breaking from his parish in Northampton and settling in Stockbridge as a missionary to the Indians, and the exquisiteness of much of his English prose.

Emerson and Wesley had their times of exaltation this year. It is now time for Jonathan Edwards to have his meed of recognition. At Yale, Andover, Princeton, Stockbridge, and generally throughout the country where Calvinism has flourished as a system of theology, his anniversary will be duly celebrated; but appreciation should not be limited to those who still agree with him more or less in theology. His exalted personal character, his phenomenal metaphysical penetration, his English prose, are the heritage of all Americans, and should be better appreciated than they are.

The Curse of the Democracy.

OUR DISTINGUISHED and able Democratic contemporary, the Albany *Argus*, asks us why we do not condemn President Roosevelt for the part he has taken in getting a Democrat, Senator McClelland, out of the State Senate and thus leaving a vacancy which the Republicans are very sure to fill at the approaching special election. We see no reason why the President should be condemned for endeavoring to strengthen his party's control of the State Legislature. Senator McClelland is a Democrat. He was elected in a Republican district, in a measure because of his personal popularity, but mainly because of the earnest support he received from a united Democratic party. He also was largely benefited by disaffection in the Republican ranks. The Republican leaders of the district are extremely anxious to fill the seat with one of their political faith. They have found a way to do it. The President tendered to Senator McClelland a custom-house appraisership, a life position with a good salary, a place coveted by every office-seeker, and he hastened to accept it. That is all.

We doubt very much if an offer of this kind, if made to any Republican member of the Senate by a Democratic President, would be accepted; but we have always believed, and Senator McClelland's conduct is only another proof of the fact, that the Democracy stands for patronage rather than for principle. If there is any moral obliquity in this matter it does not rest on the Republican party. The simple truth is, as we have heretofore stated it, that the Democratic party in New York is at low tide. Its newspapers have more to say in condemnation of Democratic leaders than in criticism of Republican officials, and they show their independence and common sense by so doing. In the great city of New York, where Democratic newspapers in former times led the expression of their party's opinion, not one old-fashioned, stalwart, uncompromising Democratic newspaper remains. The *World*, in a recent vigorous editorial, declared that the Democratic party was "burdened with an apparently unshakable handicap of political imbeciles and lunatics," from which nothing could be expected in the approaching presidential campaign. The *American and Journal* is too busy with its preposterous boasting of its editor, Mr. Hearst, into the presidential arena to think of anything else. The *Sun*, one of the ablest of the Democracy's former allies, has long since abandoned the sinking ship. The *Times* is rapidly returning to its allegiance to the Republican party. The *Herald* is indifferent and continues to be indefatigably so on its editorial page, and the *News*, which in former

days led a vast army of Democratic voters in the Bowery section, has fallen into Republican hands.

But there is no justification for the recent exclamation of a disgusted Democratic leader in this State, "The trouble with the Democracy of New York is that it is cursed with an imbecile press."

The Plain Truth.

THE ASTONISHING statement is made by Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, in his paper, the *New York Age*, that the appointment of General Wright to the governorship of the Philippines "will be a crime against the Filipino people." Mr. Fortune was appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate conditions in the Philippines, and presumably comes back with real knowledge of the situation there. When he says, as he does in the *Age*, that "General Wright is the idol of the American exploiters who have remained in the Philippine Islands, in the wake of our armies, in the desperate hope to better their miserable fortunes," he makes an imputation which deserves the thoughtful consideration of those in authority. President Roosevelt not only preaches the doctrine of honesty and decency in public and in private life, but he also practices it and requires it from those who serve under him, whether in or out of the Philippines. Is Wright all right?

ONE OF the most wholesome signs of the times was found in the conspicuous absence of some of the best of the labor unions from the parade in New York City on Labor Day. The fact that a convict fresh from State prison was at the head of the line turned the stomachs of all the decent and thoughtful members of the labor organizations, and they took pains to indicate by their conspicuous absence their entire disapproval of the proceeding. The opponents of organized labor have repeatedly charged that members of the unions abet and encourage criminal misconduct on the part of strikers. This charge is always denied. The strongest argument in its support is found in the fact that a walking delegate convicted of crime and sentenced to State's prison for a term of years, and temporarily released on a legal technicality, is honored as the most distinguished man in a Labor-day procession in the greatest city and in the proudest State of the Union. It is not surprising that a vast majority of the workingmen of New York City declined to walk in a procession which began with disgrace and ended with humiliation.

THE NEBRASKA political fakir who hypnotized the Democratic party into nominating him twice for the presidency, and who has grown rich on the notoriety he thus obtained, is coming to be understood by the Democratic leaders for precisely what he is worth. Senator Clay, in a recent interview, said that Georgia was no longer paying attention to the Nebraska "dead one," and that if the press of the country would only realize that he is no longer regarded seriously by practical Democrats the newspapers would drop him, "and his occupation as self-constituted dictator of the Democratic party" would be gone. The Chicago *Chronicle* has boldly intimated that Nebraska's political poser was retained by the silver trust and that, as the servant and employé of these trusts, he was put on the highway to wealth until he has become "one of the rich men of Nebraska." The *Burlington, Ia., Gazette*, and a number of other Democratic newspapers are covering Nebraska's political freak with humiliation and contempt. The suggestion of Senator Clay that the Associated Press and leading daily newspapers should discontinue the free advertising of the most selfish politician the West has ever produced is timely. LESLIE'S WEEKLY has long since ceased to mention his name and thus gratify his inordinate vanity for a notoriety which he mistakes for reputation. But notoriety is free advertising which brings business to his publication office, and he has never been in politics exclusively for his health.

WHATEVER may be said against Tammany Hall, no one will begrudge it the credit it deserves for having set aside, by the most vigorous and determined effort, the odious and odorous ex-chief of New York's police, "Bill" Devery. One of the foulest blots on this great municipality was the appointment of this notorious character as the head of its great police system. If the inside story of the graft, indecency, blackmail, and crime which prevailed during his incumbency could be told with all its terrible details, the doors of State's prison would open for more than one ex-police officer of wealth and position. To retain Devery in Tammany Hall and to exalt him to leadership of a district was therefore to confess that Tammany was guilty of the worst that had been and still is charged against it. The most sagacious political act of Senator Hill was his exclusion of Devery and his followers from the Democratic State convention at Saratoga a year ago. It was probably largely at Hill's instigation and by his advice that the leaders of Tammany Hall determined to blot out Devery and Deveryism wherever it could be found. They have succeeded at last in blotting out Devery, and the people, this fall, if they re-elect, as we believe they will, the fusion ticket, will do the rest of the good work. It is reported that Devery will now seek to make an alliance with the Republican party. Nothing could be more hurtful to the latter. It can have no community of interest with a man whose record is too foul to permit him to enter Tammany Hall.



WILLIAM JAMES, LL.D.,
Harvard professor who says lynching mania is worse than cholera.

* PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT *

THE MOST radical utterances on the lynching mania that have yet been made, with the possible exception of the speech of John Temple Graves at Chautauqua, were those contained in a recent letter from Professor

William James, of Harvard University, in the Springfield *Republican*. Were it not for the high reputation which Professor James enjoys as a scholar, writer, and educator, the views he expressed in this letter would be regarded as an alarmist cry, hardly worthy of serious consideration. Coming from such a source, however, they cannot be so dismissed. The lynching epidemic he characterizes as a "profound national disease, spreading now like forest fire, and certain to become permanently endemic in every corner of our country, North and South, unless heroic remedies are swiftly adopted to check it." The professor says that he predicted three years ago that lynching outrages unless checked would lead to "a civil war between the races," and recent events have confirmed him in that opinion. In the conclusion of his recent letter he says: "I unhesitatingly stand by my prophecy, for there is nothing now in sight to check the spread of an epidemic far more virulent than the cholera. The fact seems recognized that local juries will not indict or condemn; so that unless special legislation *ad hoc* is speedily enacted, and unless many 'leading citizens' are hung—nothing short of this will check the epidemic in the slightest degree, and denunciations from the press and pulpit only make it spread the faster—we shall have negro burning in a very few years on Cambridge Common and the Boston Public Garden." Professor James has occupied the chair of philosophy at Harvard since 1872, and is the author of several notable works on psychological subjects. His latest book, issued about a year ago, has awakened profound attention among thinking men throughout the world. Not long ago he came out with an article in the *Harvard Monthly* attacking and ridiculing the craze for college degrees in severe terms.

WRITING IN TRUTH Mr. Labouchere says he has always had a great admiration for Lord Salisbury. "I used to listen to him with delight indulging in what Mr. Disraeli called 'flouts, and gibes, and sneers' at the grandiloquent buncombe to which that Tory leader used to treat his followers. Lord Salisbury was then a comparatively young man, and he used to speak from a front seat below the gangway. He was slim, and had a stoop. He spoke very slowly, and with frequent pauses, and his habit was to perpetually get beyond the strip of carpet before him, which no speaker is allowed to pass."

A RECENT SUPPLEMENT of the London *Sketch* is devoted wholly to portraits of "American Beauties in London," and a first place is given therein to Mrs. Laurence Drummond, wife of Captain Laurence Drummond, and honorary secretary of the Ladies' Army and Navy Club. This club, by the way, is declared to be a wonderful success, a result due in no small measure to its energetic and clever secretary. It has been said that a club secretary should have all the qualities of a successful and popular prime minister, joined to the vigilance of a commissioner of police. This is even truer of the secretary of a ladies' club than of the ordinary club secretary, who is backed by a strong committee, and Mrs. Drummond should be heartily congratulated on her success. In London club-land, "The Amazons and the Mermaids," as the London wits have styled this organization, have made quite a new departure. The club has taken the one-time-famous hostelry, the Bristol hotel, in Burlington Gardens, and turned it into the most luxurious club-house imaginable.

BACK OF THE TITLE, "Yale's Intercollegiate Champion Club Swinger," there is a story of suffering and perseverance that makes George E. Mix more in-

teresting than the ordinary athlete. Mr. Mix, who was born at Utica, N. Y., but has lived since a very young boy at New Britain, Conn., had the misfortune, when a lad of four, to slip on an icy pavement, breaking his right hip. The bone was not properly set, and when it had healed it was discovered that the child would be a cripple for life. During the period between four and fourteen Mr. Mix was a puny, sickly boy, whose physicians finally gave him up, telling his parents that no possible earthly cure could be effected. Then it was that this boy of fourteen displayed the indomitable



GEORGE E. MIX,
A lame man, Yale's intercollegiate champion club-swinger.—*Phelps*.

will that has marked his career ever since. Having read somewhere that rigid physical training would oftentimes cure the chronic invalid, he joined, without consulting his parents, a Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium. Here he took up Indian club swinging. But the road to victory was long and difficult to travel, for the clubs were heavy, and the swinging of them physical torture for many, many weeks. Yet he persevered, and finally his health began to mend. Straightway he grew from a sickly, crippled lad into a strong, broad-shouldered youth, whose brawn and muscle are to-day the envy of many a college athlete. He is the only lame student in the history of Yale's athletics who has secured the much coveted Yale Y. A member of the Yale Law School in the class of 1904, Mr. Mix attracted the attention of Dr. Anderson and Instructor C. W. F. Hand, of the university gymnasium. Through their influence he continued his club swinging, with the result that for two years he has held the university championship, winning two silver cups. He has also twice won first prize in dual meets between Yale and Columbia, securing a gold medal on each occasion. In 1892 he won third place in the intercollegiate gymnastic championship meet at Philadelphia. It was at this year's intercollegiate gymnastic meet at New York University that the title of "Yale's Intercollegiate Champion Club Swinger" was conferred upon him. Aside from his prowess as an athlete, Mr. Mix has won literary honors. He is regarded as one of the ablest debaters in his class at Yale, is the vice-president of the Yale Kent Club, and, having been self-supporting for seven years, holds at present responsible positions with two of the leading New Haven dailies. All this makes a pretty good record for a boy who started life a helpless cripple, and who owes every success in life to his own individual effort.

CONSIDERING THE great host of ambitious and brilliant young men whose names Yale has borne upon her student roll during the century and more that this famous school has been in existence, it is much to say of a young man that he is "the brightest man Yale has ever had"; yet this is the proud distinction which, it is said, some Yale professors have conferred upon Mr. Frederick E. Pierce, a member of the Yale graduating class this year. That young Pierce has the kind of metal in him of which brilliant and successful men are made is shown in part by a little sketch of his personal history and his college record. He is the son of a farmer living at South Britain, Conn., and prepared himself for college chiefly by his own unaided efforts. The story is, that when he arrived at New Haven to begin his university course he had only thirty dollars in his pocket. He paid his expenses thereafter by doing odd jobs around the college and working during vacations. From the beginning the farmer boy showed remarkable proficiency in his studies, and at once gained a high grade in his class. In his freshman year he won three prizes, and the Woolsey scholarship, the income from \$1,000, for the best examination in Latin composition. He has kept up the same pace ever since and has won, in addition to all else, the sincere respect and affection of his tutors and classmates. That a young man who has demonstrated such solid worth as a student will make a success in whatever calling he may choose for his life work may go without saying. It is also probable that the practical experience he has acquired in the school of self-help will at times prove more useful to him than what he has learned from books.

THE HEAD that has worn the crown of Bulgaria for the past sixteen years has never lain very easily, and less so probably just now than ever before. The fact is that Prince Ferdinand has been in no wise the equal of his immediate predecessor, Prince Alexander, under whose wise and firm rule Bulgaria enjoyed a season of growth and prosperity unknown before. Prince Ferdinand, who succeeded to the throne on August 11th, 1887, has allowed himself to be drawn more and more under Russian influence, until he is virtually nothing more than an agent for the Czar's government. In the recent troubles threatening his kingdom he has adopted a weak and vacillating course, satisfactory neither to his own intelligent subjects nor to neighboring Powers. As a matter of fact, he has been absent from the kingdom most of the time, actuated, it is said, by fears for his personal safety. It has also been rumored frequently that the prince intended to abdicate and thus escape the responsibility which the situation has thrust upon him and with which he has neither the character nor the ability to cope. There is no doubt that the misunderstanding which has existed between him and his people since the change of policy of the cabinet of Sofia in reference to the Macedonian question constantly increases. The papers of the opposition—those which, notwithstanding the check of the revolutionary movement, continue to urge the Macedonians to a general insurrection—lead a most violent campaign against Prince Ferdinand, and accuse him of having broken his oath to support the constitution by the recent partial suspension of the law governing the removal of officials.

THE ROMAN four-horse chariot race in "Ben-Hur" is to be represented in actual life at the Indiana State fair grounds this autumn, and General Lew Wallace, author of the book, is to be judge of the contest. It is proposed to introduce the Roman chariot race exactly as it was in the days of Ben-Hur. There will be a hundred or more able-bodied men, fresh from the corn-fields, dressed in flowing Roman togas and carrying spears, who will act as attendants and form a procession to follow the victorious charioteer around the track; the charioteers themselves will be panned exactly like the Romans of 2,000 years ago, and General Lew Wallace, sitting in the judge's place, will be arrayed in a style and splendor becoming the character he has been designated to represent. One of the chief features of the chariot race will be the presentation of the laurel wreath to the winner. This ceremony will be conducted by General Wallace in full regalia.

OUR EXCELLENT neighbor on the north has never been under the immediate guidance of a more astute political leader than Sir John MacDonald, who did more than any other one man to bring about the confederation of the Canadian provinces. His wife, whose portrait we give here-with, is the daughter of a well-known West Indian. She was born in that part of the New World which gave to the Old the Empress Josephine. She married Sir John as his second wife in London in the winter of 1867, when the North American bill was being carried through the imperial Parliament, so that the year of confederation and her wedding-day must be inextricably intertwined in her memory. Lady MacDonald was an admirable helpmeet to her famous husband, and he was the first to admit how much he owed to her devotion and sound judgment. During his life she was, of course, second only to the Governor-General's wife as a social leader at Ottawa; but since his death, in 1891, she has lived for the most part in England. As an acknowledgment of the splendid services rendered to Canada and the empire by Sir John, the late Queen Victoria made his widow a baroness in her own right. She is the only colonial on whom such a distinction has been conferred.



PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA,
Who occupies a precarious position
in the Macedonian troubles.



MRS. LAURENCE DRUMMOND,
An "American beauty" and a leading club-woman in London.—*Baccuno*.



THE BARONESS MAC DONALD,
Widow of Sir John MacDonald, the eminent Canadian statesman.—*McCauley & Dickson*.



JANE ELTON IN "UNDER COVER."
Chickering.

IT IS just about time now, I believe, to begin to make optimistic predictions for the new theatrical season which is starting to unfold itself with the usual "brilliant promise." The current press forecastings are couched in exactly the same language used for the same purpose last year, and years before that. "Unprecedented activity," "never before in the history of our stage," "long and varied," and "imposing array," are a few of the reverberations of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" which invariably herald the approach of the annual

theatrical procession. Names which have been happily forgotten through a long summer's blissful rest began some time ago to appear once more with increasing frequency in the daily press, and to fall often from the lips of groundlings, who in September pause to look back upon a summer's pleasure done and to pleasantly anticipate a winter's entertainment approaching.

One of the things that help to make living possible is the fact that the future is full of happy days and the past contains for each of us the worst that could possibly happen. Hope springs eternal, and this winter we are going to have the best times in the world, so the busy press agents tell us. "Melancholy days?" How can they be melancholy days when they mean the beginning of joyous activity? Autumn to me is the best season in all the year, and the sad rustle of falling leaves makes a soothing, soft accompaniment to the buzz and hum of busy preparation for winter's earnest work. *Au revoir, sweet summer! A bas regrets! and bon jour to merry winter time.*

Promises, promises! They have been floating our way for many a long day now. We are to have feasts of fun and soul and sentiment, and music, with gorgeous stage pictures and magnificent displays of dramatic genius. We are to have the long-talked-of Shakespearian revival. *Hamlets*, *Othellos*, *Shylocks*, *Richards*, *Romeos* and *Juliets*, *Violas*, *Rosalinds*, and *Portias* are under process of preparation in sundry studios and divers dark stages. Mr. Nat Goodwin is to make a splendid production of "A Midsummer-night's Dream." Mr. Otis Skinner and Miss Ada Rehan are to play "The Taming of the Shrew," and won't it be good to see Miss Rehan's inimitable *Katherine* again! Mr. Richard Mansfield will surely make a Shakespeare production, and so we shall be able to judge whether or not the public really want Shakespeare. It is a much bruited question.

It is pleasant to be able to record a partial fulfillment or so out of all this conglomerate promise thus early in the game. A success or two in the beginning of the season whets the public appetite and gives

Luminous Obscurities of the New Theatrical Season

By Eleanor Franklin

people courage to face and support the inevitable doubtful ventures to follow later on.

At present we have several "English cousins" playing serious successes at three or four of our best theatres. We have a couple of revivals of productions which scored last year. We have a specimen or two of the never failing Irish comedy-drama and a fair supply—or perhaps I should say an over supply—of the always numerous alleged musical comedy. Those people whose names appear in star-dust lettering a foot high along Broadway have all found something in their respective productions in which to display to advantage their own peculiar gifts, and that is to be expected always. They are supposed to do things and we are mildly resentful if they fail, because they make such a to-do about it in advance. If they succeed we know exactly how much we appreciate them, because their press agents tell us repeatedly and so we have little left to discover for ourselves. But one thing is left to us, and that, one of the keenest enjoyments of

you are.

Swift and bewildering success! Now she is at the Victoria Theatre in a musical concoction called "The Jersey Lily," in which, strange to say, she once more almost saves the production with a single rollicking song. But in "The Jersey Lily" she is not by any means working alone; she has for support two extremely clever comedians, Mr. Billy B. Van and Mr. D. L. Don, who all but divide honors with the charming star. The song "Bedelia" made an enormous hit on the first night, and Miss Ring responded to one encore after another and numerous scene calls before the performance could proceed. It was a veritable triumph, but the second night the audience was not so enthusiastic—second-night audiences never are—and during a lull in the applause at the end of the second or third encore to the song Billy Van and Mr. Don made their entrance, but the applause broke out afresh and Miss Ring was forced to respond again, singing only the chorus of the song. Well, the two comedians couldn't back off the stage, and they couldn't stand in awkward and respectful attention in the background either—they were too much a part of the picture; so they broke into a fantastic dance which caught the audience and completely turned the storm of applause to themselves. They wear extremely funny "make-ups" and are clever dancers, and Miss Ring had to come back time and again and sing the chorus of "Bedelia" for them to dance.

Well, what could she do? I was talking with her next day, and asked if she intended to permit the continuance of this encroachment upon her rights as a star. Of course from the audience's standpoint it was jolly fine, but not from the actress's—and yet what could she do? If she insisted upon their omitting it—and I simply take this incident as a case in point to illustrate one of the principal difficulties in a star's career, she would be accused of "professional jealousy" and a mean spirit. If she allowed it to continue it would detract from her own value by lessening the strength of her personal impression upon the audience. An audience must not leave a theatre with a clearer recollection of some minor part than of the star's performance. I am writing from a managerial standpoint, and it is a nice question, Just how far is the much-talked of "professional jealousy" in the theatrical world justified from a purely business point of view? Stars dislike being accused of it, and the most afflicted of them will deny it flatly; and yet they are compelled to consider the fact that the success of their production depends almost entirely upon the impression they themselves make, and they must eliminate whatever detracts from its strength or vividness.



ANNIE YEAMANS AND HER DAUGHTER JENNIE, APPEARING IN
"UNDER COVER," EDWARD HARRIGAN'S NEW PLAY.
Chickering.

a theatrical season, is to watch for the unexpected and unheralded successes of recent obscurities and "also rans," and to predict for them a brilliant future, or perhaps, as more often follows, alas! a distressing cranial enlargement. This is a defection which is seldom noticeable from the audience, but which gives managers and press agents all the trouble in the world and makes healthy progress almost impossible for its unfortunate victim.

Two years ago the name of Blanche Ring was unknown in New York. Then came "The Defender" with that lilting melody, "In the Good Old Summer Time," with which she sang her way into the public heart. She has a way of getting "close to" and warming one up, and we all liked her and put her down for future great success. The next season she prospered in a failure aptly named "Tommy Rot," because she had another song of quality called "The Belle of Avenue A." Then Mr. Lederer launched her in a stellar career, and there



ARTHUR DUNN IN "THE RUNAWAYS."—Robertson.



BILLY B. VAN, D. L. DON, AND MAUDE RAYMOND, IN A COMIC HIT IN "THE JERSEY LILY."—Hall.



WALTER STANTON AS THE COMICAL ROOSTER, ONE OF THE HITS OF "THE RUNAWAYS."—Hall.

THE MAGNOLIA STATE . . . By Minna Irving

When there is no star in a production each actor has the right and opportunity to try to make himself the observed of all observers, and lucky he who succeeds in this. So it was with little Katie Barry, in "A Chinese Honeymoon," a year or so ago. Without her the piece would have been mildly entertaining. With her it was a happy triumph. Her performance swept the audience with gale after gale of laughter—and who ever saw her inimitable *Fiji* and forgot the picture? That was at the Casino, and at the same play-house this year Miss Fay Templeton is starring in "The Runaways." Or is she merely "featured"? To be "featured" means you don't have your name in quite such large letters on the electric sign over the theatre entrance, and your press agent doesn't live such a strenuous life. I

I think Miss Templeton is being "featured," but she is not, in my humble opinion, the feature of the production. Perhaps this is because she is wasting her indisputable genius on a ridiculously inadequate part; but, however that may be, little Arthur Dunn affords the audience the best of the few opportunities in the piece for a hearty laugh. And it is not because the author has given him something so particularly good to do, either. It is just himself that is funny. The way he walks, talks, smiles, lifts his crazy little hat, and looks bewildered. He is simply deliciously ridiculous, and his name is not in big letters, either. Let us hope it never will be. He is too good to spoil.

Over at the Murray Hill Theatre Mr. Edward Harrigan has produced a new old-time play called "Under Cover." For auld lang syne we love him, and therefore every newspaper in New York has praised the production to the point of eulogy, and it is now turning people away from even that out-of-the-way play-house. There are a number of clever comedians, distinctly conspicuous among whom is little Miss Jane Elton, who in the character of a German slavey does more than her share toward making "Under Cover" a success. Miss Elton is surely destined to be a "character woman" of high attainments, and that is what the profession sadly wants. Actresses don't like to look ugly and ridiculous, yet there are so many delightfully ugly and ridiculous characters in the world to personate. Miss Elton makes one think of Rose Melville somewhat, and she is an undoubtedly promising young one in Mr. Harrigan's play; but as usual the audience carries away but one lasting impression, and that is made by Miss Jennie Yeamans, daughter of Mrs. Annie Yeamans, who was with Ned Harrigan in the old days of his triumphs on Broadway. Mrs. Yeamans is also in the cast, and the night I saw the performance some enthusiastic old lady behind me got really quite hysterical when she came out on the stage hand in hand with her old fellow-actor. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "isn't it good to see them together again?" I suppose it makes some of the old theatre-goers feel quite young again, for they say "Ned Harrigan hasn't changed a hair."

But the hit of the piece is made by Miss Yeamans, who in the character of *Boozie Susie* sings a song written by Mr. Harrigan called "The Fringe of Society," in a manner which brings home to the hearts of her audience in an unforgettable way the fact that there is a dismal under-world where humanity's wreckage drifts unheeded on to the end. It is a wonderful bit of characterization and will serve to carry Miss Yeamans several rungs higher on the ladder of success. And so they grow upon us year by year. They seldom leap into prominence at a single bound. We have known them somewhat of old, but an opportunity comes for them to do something unforgettable. That is what many an actor hopes for throughout his career, and when it comes to him it is incumbent upon him to watch himself most carefully. Few people can stand prosperity. Those few go marching on.

The Development of Incomes.

SOME INTERESTING and significant figures, bearing on the question of the productive capacity of various classes of people and the relative share of profit falling to various grades of workers, appear in the publication of an essay by Dr. Nitschke, a Berlin statistician, his special topic being the development of people's incomes in Germany. On the basis of his studies and investigations, Dr. Nitschke declares that the claim that the greater part of the profit of the world's work falls to the share of the upper classes is not true; nor is there anything in the claim that there is a constantly developing inequality of incomes, so far as Germany is concerned, at least, since during the years

I.
NEW YORK entwines her roses
red
For Freedom's brow divine;
Rhode Island brings the violet,
And Maine the bough of pine;
But rarest of the blossoms bright
That deck our native bowers,
Is Louisiana's offering
Of sweet magnolia flowers.

III.
THROUGH drowsy days of
burning gold,
And nights of silver flame,
She nourishes the regal flower
That crowns her with its name,
And garlands her and girdles her,
And robes her in its bloom,
And pours like incense at her feet
Its treasures of perfume.



Photograph by Mrs. A. T. Burnell.

II.
BEHOLD her where the sugar-cane
With golden nectar swells,
And live-oaks stand in massy cloaks
Like aged sentinels.
Above her bend the branches starred
With buds of fragrant snow,
And on her breast, and in her hair
The white magnolias blow.

IV.
WHILE Georgia tends her melon-fields,
And Kansas sows her corn,
And Delaware her peaches turns
To meet the sunny morn,
And Minnesota on her wheat
Is waxing rich and great,
'Tis Louisiana's pride to be
The fair Magnolia State.

1899-1900, 750,000 taxpayers passed from below the \$214.20 grade, set by Germany as the point at which the payment of an income tax begins, to points beyond it. The claim that the middle classes are deteriorating is just as false. If an income of from \$99.80 to \$2,261 is taken as the basis of middle-class incomes, the census, or tax tables, show that fully 750,000 taxpayers belong to this class. Of those paying on more than \$2,261 there are 76,000, and more than 60,000 of these have incomes of from \$2,261 to \$7,259, while about 15,000 are taxed on incomes of more than \$7,140. It is worth noting that the increase in the number of persons paying income taxes is much larger in the cities than in the country districts.

A Yale Graduate To Be Deported.

FOR A RECENT instance of straining at gnats and swallowing camels in whole caravans, we know of none quite so pertinent as the case of the young Chinese student, Teng Hu Lee, whom the immigration officials at San Francisco have proposed to deport to China because he has not fulfilled some of the absurd requirements of the anti-Chinese law. Here is a young man, a graduate of Yale in the class of '99, coming back after a period of teaching in the Straits settlements to take a post-graduate course at Columbia, who is turned away as a person technically unfit to enter the country, while at the very time at the port of New York we are admitting every month thousands of unwashed, illiterate, and degraded people from Italy and other regions of southern Europe, who come for no good purpose and whose presence is a peril to social order and a menace to free government. If the officials at San Francisco were to enforce the law as they should, according to its spirit and obvious intent, and not according to the strict letter, this unjust and shameful treatment of a man like Teng Hu Lee could not have happened. Official zeal is an excellent thing, but more excellent is the exercise of plain common sense.

The Crime of the New Century.

THE RUTHLESS purpose of Russia to entirely crush out the national life of Finland is increasingly manifest. This brutal crime merits the reprobation of all Christendom. It is not only an outrage against human freedom, but also an unscrupulous violation of the most solemn obligations which Russia voluntarily assumed before the eyes of the civilized world. It is the greatest crime of the new century!

When the Czar Alexander I. acquired Finland by conquest from Sweden in 1808 he did not incorporate it into Russia, but declared it to be a free and independent nation. In his own words, it was "placed henceforth in the rank of nations," "a nation tranquil without, free within." He confirmed the existing constitution, laws, and religion. He became sovereign over Finland, not as the Czar of Russia, but as the Grand Duke of Finland. Three years later Alexander added to the territory of his constitutional grand duchy by transferring to it from Russia the Finnish districts which had been ceded to Russia by Sweden sixty years before. For two generations the national development of Finland went peacefully and prosperously forward. The unity and patriotism of the Finnish people were greatly intensified by the publication of their great national epic, the "Kalevala," in 1835. The folk-songs of "the land of heroes," handed down for many centuries by oral tradition, reflected the very soul of the people; they gave to the national hopes, ideals, and aspirations a new and vigorous life.

The Russianizing of Finland began in 1872, when education in Russian was made compulsory in the pub-

lic schools; but this was mild in comparison with the radical and extreme steps that have been taken in this direction since 1898. The appointment of the tyrannical Bobrikoff as Governor-General of Finland was swiftly followed by the appointment of a Russian as Minister-Secretary of State for Finnish affairs, an office that had always been held by a Finn. By the ukase of February, 1900, the freedom of the Finnish Parliament was abolished, and six months later the Russian tongue was made the official language. Outrage has followed upon outrage. The immemorial right of public meeting has been annulled, the Finnish army has been abolished, all the administrative and judicial bodies have been deprived of their rights and made absolutely subservient to the Russian Governor-General, who is authorized to take the most arbitrary and cruel measures to enforce submission to his will. Many of the most eminent men of the land, illustrious scholars and statesmen, have been summarily arrested and banished without trial. At first a week's notice was given, that the exiles might have a little time in which to wind up their affairs; but in recent instances no time for preparation has been granted. These expulsions are frequent, no less than three taking place on September 2d. Finnish officials who are not made subservient by intimidation are summarily deposed and replaced by Russians.

The Finns are patient, industrious, enterprising, frugal. They have greatly developed the resources and the wealth of their country. Within the last thirty years the average crops have doubled. The exports of butter, wood, cellulose, and pulp for paper amount annually to 150,000 marks. Within a score of years the deposits in savings banks have multiplied five-fold and those of commercial banks ten-fold. The land of vast forests and great, lonely lakes nourishes a splendid breed of men. To the oppression of Russia they oppose a heroic though patient resistance. Many will be driven to emigration. Such emigrants would be most welcome here. Like their national hero, Wainamoinen, let them sail

"Westward, westward—
O'er the blue-black of the waters."

Tennyson's Distrust of His First-born.

IT SEEMS to be the general opinion of the English press that Lord Tennyson, the eldest son of the poet-laureate, has shown a self-denying and highly commendable spirit in agreeing to accept the post of Governor-General of Australia, at a salary equivalent to about fifty thousand dollars. Probably this is true as emoluments for public service are measured in England, but as the sum mentioned happens to be the stipend which we pay to the chief executive of our "great and glorious" republic, it looks like a fairly liberal allowance to American eyes. The present Lord Tennyson, it may be said, is considerably more than a son of his father, being himself a man of rare literary attainments, as well as a wise and able public administrator. He does not bear his father's Christian name, and only the family name of his father's friend, Arthur Hallam, and an anecdote goes with this which shows that the elder Tennyson, in the rôle of a fond father, was not so fond as to count overmuch on the life prospects of his first-born. The historian asked at the christening, "Why not give the child your own name as well as mine?" "For fear," replied Tennyson, "for fear he should turn out a fool! Let his name be Hallam only!" It is to be rejoiced at that the great poet's dread proved unfounded, and that his heir has even added a trifle of lustre to the family name.

The World's Great, in Russian Eyes.

A NUMBER OF European papers, including several Russian journals, have been asking their readers lately to name the world's greatest living men, and it is interesting to note the estimate placed upon greatness by some of these European critics. Thus the readers of the *Novosti Duja*, a Moscow paper, naturally place Tolstoi at the head of the list, other men coming in the following order: Edison, Gorky, Marconi, Röntgen, Ibsen, Herbert Spencer, and Mommesen. It will be noted that only one American finds a place in this list. The *Peterburgskaja Gazetta* confined its competition to Russian great men. Again Tolstoi came out on top with 977 votes.



THE PRACTICE of hazing, which it was supposed had been effectually stamped out there last year, was revived this fall at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in a somewhat severe form. Quite a number of fourth-class men were lately driven by injuries inflicted on them to the hospital, the victim in the most serious instance made public having been obliged to undergo treatment for several days. The hazers in these cases were about fifteen midshipmen of the upper classes, who are deficient in their studies, having apparently little talent in any line except mischief. It is surprising that the 315 members of the new class were so submissive under the cruelty of these few men. The officers of the academy urged the youngsters to resist imposition, and Commander Charles J. Badger, acting superintendent at the time, threatened to deprive the upper-class men of many privileges unless they promised to leave the new comers alone. This they agreed to do; but the superintendent, Captain Willard A. Brownson, has returned and will take measures to prevent a renascence of the time-honored but barbaric custom.

Some important changes and reforms have been made by Captain Brownson, who assumed control as superintendent during the latter part of last year, going to the helm of the institution just as its scope was to be broadened to conform to the enlargement of the American navy. Captain Brownson took hold of the affairs of the naval training-school with a firm hand. The unusual methods he used in bringing about the changes wrought are very interesting, showing a rare insight into human nature—a quality of supreme importance to one in Captain Brownson's place.

According to midshipmen themselves, hazing was not practiced during the past year; neither was "gouging," which is academy language for cheating at examinations. The "hazed" at the naval school are, of course, the members of the fourth class, the new arrivals, who are known as "plebes." (At West Point fourth-year men are called "beasts.") Hazing at the academy was usually indulged in not only when the new class first arrived, but during the entire year. It consisted of practices producing physical discomfort, amounting sometimes to torture, and of "running," which is the constant goading and taunting of new men. The "hazers" are always the third-class men, having been the "plebes" of the year before.

A young man's jaw was broken in hazing last fall, and this precipitated a crisis. Captain Brownson called the third class together and asked them how many would promise never to indulge in the practice again while they were in the academy. The class was silent. Not one promise was given. The superintendent gave the midshipmen a day to think it over. Again there was no response, and the time was extended. Later, committees went to the superintendent to say that a part only of the class was willing to make a voluntary agreement against the hazing practice; but this would not do for Captain Brownson, so he told the third-class men that he would isolate them from all the other classes of the institution until they felt that they could bring to him a unanimous agreement. And he did.

The third class was kept entirely by itself. It was quartered in the *Santee*, an old Civil War frigate which is moored at the academy dock and used as a place of residence on some occasions for students who have broken the rules of the institution. For some time this isolation of the third class continued. Captain Brownson told the leaders of it that he did not care to hear from the class again until its members had reached an agreement. If necessary, he said, the class would be isolated during its entire course at the academy. The boys on the *Santee* argued the matter among themselves over and over again, the majority against hazing growing constantly, until at last the sentiment was unanimous.

The class reported the fact to the superintendent, who at once sent the men back to their former quarters, complimented them on their decision, and promptly revoked a rule of long standing which made it an offense for a third-class man to visit at any time the room of a "plebe," because this rule was intended to be a preventive of the practice which the third class had just agreed to stop. The prompt rescinding of the rule showed further that the superintendent put trust in the midshipmen's honor. Captain Brownson then issued this order :

February 11th, 1903.

ORDER No. 30.

1. The superintendent desires to extend to the third class his congratulations on their decision to discontinue and to stop, as far as their class is concerned, all forms of "hazing" and "running."

2. He is not unmindful of the fact that the traditions and feelings concerning these practices, however mistaken, were deep-rooted and long standing, and that it required moral courage to break completely from these traditions.

3. The evidences of character and honor that the class of 1905 has shown since entering the academy led the superintendent to hope the class would see this matter in the right way and take the manly stand it has assumed.

4. It is not too much to say that the standard of the Naval Academy is higher on account of the action of the class of 1905.

WILLARD A. BROWNSON,
Captain United States Navy, Superintendent.

But among the large body of "preps" who overrun Annapolis the impression still prevailed that hazing had not really been stopped.

"I guess when a new man goes in they will get him on his head quick enough," said one of the "preps" to me, referring to a favorite method of hazing. In this, a "plebe" assumes an uncomfortable attitude, his head and feet only touching the floor. Then at the command of his tormentor he would be made to lift quickly both feet at once, so that the weight of his body would fall on his head. This would be frequently repeated until the victim was sore and exhausted.

The young "prep" who spoke to me had not, however, at that time heard of the action against hazing taken by the third class in the academy and the order issued by Captain Brownson.

The "preps" are an interesting part of the surroundings of the national naval institution, but little is known of them outside of Annapolis, and I was surprised to find nearly as many of them in that town as there were midshipmen in the academy. As the name may remotely suggest, the "preps" are young men who are preparing to take the examinations for admission to the naval school. They include many who have received appointments from Congressmen or Senators or from the President. The first appointees are called "principals," and each "principal" has one or more "alternates" who take the examinations in the event of the failure of the "principal" to pass. In some instances there are ten alternates to a single appointee, and these alternates are nearly all at Annapolis attending preparatory schools. Two of these institutions exist, and both are designed to teach a young man just the things he should know in order to pass the academy entrance examination. The total number of "preps" is more than two hundred, and one street not far from the academy grounds is devoted almost entirely to boarding-houses for them, and is called "preps' row." Some of these preparatory students are in the schools for the course of a year, some for only a month, putting on the "finishing touches." The teachers of the "prep" schools know pretty well what the academy requires. They have on file the examination questions for many years in the past and the teaching and reviewing are undoubtedly an aid to the "preps."

In spite of this opportunity for special preparation of which many appointees avail themselves, not more than one-third of those appointed to the national naval school pass the entrance examinations, and by far the largest number of those who fail to pass fail in the mental tests. About one third of those who enter never finish the course.

The "preps" are always in evidence, day and night, on the streets of the ancient and wonderfully picturesque capital of Maryland. These youths wear the white duck "working hats" of the sailor or stroll about bareheaded or wearing the little college caps. Among them exist many superstitions concerning the academy. A "prep," they believe, is one degree lower in the eye of the midshipman than the "plebe." The "preps" dare not even venture on the academy grounds in the daytime, although some of the boldest of them boast that they have been within the academic limits at night.

"A 'prep' had better stay out of there," said one of them, pointing toward the yard of the naval school. "The middies will lay for you and do you up, sure, if they catch you."

Superintendent Brownson did not issue any new orders against "gouging." In talking to students about it he made plain to them the dishonor in the practice. So that when he called for a division on the question of a voluntary agreement to stop cheating at examinations the students were unanimously in favor of that action.

"And all the boys like it better," said a midshipman. "When some of us used to 'gouge,' lots of the boys very often were caught, and then they would be expelled; and the fellows that were expelled might be among your very best friends. You would hate to have them leave."

"How can the superintendent know that some of the students are not cheating in examinations still?" I asked.

"Well, he has put us on our honor," said the midshipman. "If the rest of us found out that one of the boys was cheating we would ignore him. We would show him in that way that we take no stock in that sort of thing."

By appealing to their manliness and sense of honor the new superintendent of Annapolis controls the three

hundred active young Americans under him, because by nature a large majority of them are manly and honorable.

"I expect young fellows with lots of spirit, such as these boys have, to break the rules sometimes," said Captain Brownson. "I don't mind a thing of that sort; but what I intend to get rid of are dishonesty and deceit. In this I have the co-operation, not the antagonism, of the midshipmen."

Another important change which has been made at Annapolis is that concerning the time of entrance of the new midshipmen at the academy. Heretofore most of them had been enrolled just before October 1st, when the year's work and discipline begin. A little exhausted over the severe test of examinations for admission, the new men entered at a disadvantage the serious season of drill and study. This year a new system was put into effect, and the "plebes" began their course in the academy in June instead of October.

During the summer they had all sorts of out-door exercises. They had various drills in the manual of arms, in the "setting up" exercises of the army, in fencing and gymnastics, but most of all in the handling of boats. They learned how to sail and row and navigate. "It was boats and boats and boats," said Superintendent Brownson; "they were kept on the water, growing healthy and strong, and when fall came they were in good condition to go into their studies."

The Sacred City of Lhassa.

M. ZYBIKOFF, a Russian explorer, has at length accomplished the feat attempted unsuccessfully by many travelers of other nationalities, and penetrated into the sacred city of Lhassa, Thibet, and resided there for twelve months. The St. Petersburg Geographical Society has rewarded him with a special prize as a result. M. Zybkoff is really a Buriat and a Buddhist of the Lake Baikal region, and it was owing to the fact that he was a Buddhist and familiar with the language of Thibet that he succeeded in entering the city as a lama. As a result he is able to give the first reliable information of the city obtained since 1846. He says: "Surrounding the city is a broad street. Penitents go its length every day, falling down every five or six feet, and so prostrating themselves 3,000 times. There is a population of 10,000. In the temple of Buddha there is a statue to that god, of hammered gold, and many other statues. The head of the community is the Dalai Lama, and among the institutions are a treasury, schools of theology and medicine, quarters for 1,200 officials and 500 monks, and a prison. There are 1,000 priests in the city, and the monasteries and temples in the neighborhood contain at least 15,000 monks.

"The present Dalai Lama is twenty-seven years old, and is 'the living Buddha.' Bribery and corruption are universal. Among the common penalties are drowning, torture, flogging, banishment, and fines. The army numbers 4,000, ill-disciplined and armed with bows and arrows and old-fashioned guns. The houses are built of brick and stone, with no chimneys, but a hole to let out the smoke. Common people dress in white, wealthy in red, officials in yellow, and soldiers in blue. Jewels are worn in abundance by the women. Wheat spirits sell at a cent a bottle. Morals are primitive and loose. Polygamy is common. Labor is cheap, men being paid three cents a day. Each lama gets ten cents for a day's prayers." M. Zybkoff has brought back many photographs, and intends writing a book describing the city and its daily life.

The Occupations of People.

A GERMAN statistician has been investigating the subject of the occupations of the people in the principal countries of the world with results which throw some light on existing industrial conditions. It appears from these investigations that the United States leads all other civilized countries in the percentage of its people who are engaged in commerce, while Hungary has much the largest proportion employed in agriculture; and Scotland ranks highest in the proportion of those engaged in manufacturing and other industries, with England and Wales a close second in this respect. The status of women in the various countries is illustrated by the fact that the percentage of women employed stands lowest in the United States, being only 14.3 per cent. In Germany the percentage of females employed to the total self-supporting population is twenty-five, while in England it runs up to twenty-seven. In most of the other civilized countries the female population, on account of unfavorable economic conditions, has to contribute in a still larger degree to the support of the families. In Italy the percentage is forty, and in Austria forty-seven.



GOVERNOR MURPHY, OF NEW JERSEY, ACCEPTING THE MEMORIAL IN BEHALF OF HIS STATE.



PATRIOTIC AND ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD ADDRESSED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

NEW JERSEY SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

DEDICATION CEREMONIES ATTENDED BY A LARGE GATHERING, AND ADDRESSES MADE BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND GOVERNOR MURPHY OF NEW JERSEY.—Copyrighted by W. H. Rau.

Curious Origin of Indian Names.

CONSIDERABLE misapprehension seems to exist in regard to the order of Commissioner Jones, of the Indian bureau, in regard to the naming or renaming of Indians. We have it on direct authority that there has been no disposition whatever on the part of the office of Indian affairs to discard Indian names, as such, except in cases where the name suggests vicious thoughts and vulgar ideas. On the contrary, Commissioner Jones and his coadjutors are doing all they can to preserve as far as possible those names that are euphonious and proper. For instance, the name of Delos Lonewolf is simply changed to Delos L. Wolf. In the case of such old and familiar names as Hole-in-the-wall, the last part of the word, "Wall," is retained and the word "Hole" used as a middle name, making, as an illustration, John H. Wall.

Indian names do not indicate in any manner the family relations. The Indian officials are trying to establish among the allotted Indians a family name, so that John Jones's child will not be called Tom Smith. If this matter had been taken up years ago, when the allotment of Indians was first commenced, it would have saved the Indian office no end of trouble, and would simplify the settlement of Indian estates in the future. In the circular of instructions on this subject sent out by the department to Indian agents, teachers, and school superintendents, these persons are asked to observe the following principles, among others: Establish as the family name the name of the father. If his name is easily pronounced, as, say, "On e hatch," or "Mi ah vis," it should be retained. Among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, for instance, almost every name was found to be not only pronounceable, but musical. If the name is too long it will be found possible in nearly every case to abbreviate it and yet retain enough of the original to make its derivation recognizable.

Agents and others are advised that care must be taken in case of abbreviation to retain the root word, and to avoid forming new words that are of evil significance or disagreeable to the Indians. Where there are many vowels the repetitions must be dropped out, and not the essential syllables. The Indians should be consulted, it is said, as to the change. If, after careful consideration, the Indian word is found to be too long or too difficult, it may be retained in translation; but the translation should be conventionalized and written as one word—as, for example, "Blackwolf," "Blackbear," etc. There is no reason why the name of an Indian should mean any specific thing to the white man.

Foolish, cumbersome, or uncouth translations, which would handicap a self-respecting person, are forbidden. For example, "Ghost-faced Woman," "Tail Feathers Coming," "Drunkard," and all such translations (often made by cowboys or ignorant interpreters) are to be dropped from the rolls. A similar meaning can often

be found, it is said, which will make the name unobtrusive. For instance, "Dog Turning Round" may be translated "Turning Dog," or "Whirling Dog," and spelled as one word—"Turningdog." But as Indians often have two names, the better of the two must be chosen. Sobriquets, or nicknames, such as "Tobacco," "Mogul," "Coffee," are not to be tolerated. They are degrading, the commissioner declares, and as an Indian or his children gain in education and culture they will be annoyed by a designation which has been fastened upon them and of which they cannot rid themselves without difficulty.

So far as practicable, the Indian name which the parent has given the child is to be preferred to an English name, using the father's name as a surname. For instance, the actual names of a Kiowa family are as follows: Gunoui, Mrs. Daon Gunoui, Inauli Gunoui, Ysimia Gunoui, Zapko Gunoui, Imguna Gunoui—all simple to write and easily spoken. If English first names seem necessary they should be plain and simple—John, James, Henry, Mary, Alice, Ellen—not "fancy names," nor the names of famous people, which hereafter are liable to excite ridicule.

Saving Scenery from Disfigurement.

IN SOME European countries they are moving much faster and more effectively than we are here in the direction of preventing the disfigurement of natural scenery and the abatement of other nuisances and abominations by poster and bill-board men. City authorities in Belgium and France, acting in conjunction with individuals and societies, have already brought about many important reforms in this line, and more recently Prussia has enacted a stringent and sweeping law directed to the same end. The object of the Prussian law, as stated in the preamble, is "to prevent the disfigurement of places remarkable for their natural beauty." It authorizes the "police authorities"—meaning local elective bodies having some functions resembling those of the county or road commissioners of some of our States—"to prohibit outside of towns such advertising boards or notices or pictorial devices as disfigure the landscape," thus extending a similar prohibition in urban districts provided for in previous legislation. As *A Beautiful World* says of the law, it is "elastic," giving a remedy where there is a grievance, but not interfering with advertising generally; it is not "arbitrary," since it makes no distinction between different classes of advertisements, "disfiguring effect being the sole criterion"; it is based on the right view of public policy, recognizing legally the equitable interest of all who love the beautiful in nature. The example set by Prussia has been followed by the Hessian Legislature, which has included similar provisions in a statute for the protection of public monuments. Action of this sort should be, and doubtless will be, taken by all other countries.

Can Palestine again Become Fertile?

IN VIEW of the programme of the Zionists to establish Jewish nationality in the land of their fathers, it is of interest to hear what specialists say as to the possibility of making Palestine again a land flowing with milk and honey, changing it from a country that now barely supports 600,000 to one that will sustain between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000, as in the times of King David. In the *Literary Digest* there is a summary of an exhaustive treatise on this subject by a German, Dr. Heinrich Hilderscheide. The learned professor dissipates a widely-spread impression that there have been radical changes in the climate of Palestine in historic time, and that these changes have been produced by the ruthless destruction of the forests. "The fact is," he says, "that we have no proofs whatever that the forests of Palestine were, in the Biblical times, any more extensive than they are now. We have no evidence from any author of note that there ever has been such a ruthless destruction of forests. No passage in either the Bible or the Talmud permits us to draw any conclusion that in former times the average of rainfall was any greater than it is at present. Ever since meteorological observations have been scientifically taken in Palestine (and in some cases, as in that of Jerusalem, these go back for decades), the climatic conditions have remained practically the same. In fact, the rain-producing causes, such as the near Mediterranean Sea, are the same as they were in Biblical times. Other causes have been operative, chiefly the direful and destructive political conditions that began as early as the period of the decline of the Roman empire and have reached their acme in the corrupt Turkish rule of the last four centuries—the oppression of the officials, the management of the taxes, and the like. There can be no doubt that this historic land, if put under proper care and correctly managed, can be restored to its former flourishing condition."

Lie Awake Nights?

A SIMPLE, PLEASANT REMEDY.

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HOW PERFORMING DOGS ARE



"HAVE DOGS any real intelligence? Well, I should say so. Lots of it, my dear sir. The more I have to do with them the more intelligent I consider them. Some of them are almost as knowing as a human being. Many of the things they do cannot be explained by mere instinct or mechanical habit; they show understanding, reasoning powers." In these words a practical trainer of the canine species recorded himself on the question of whether animals, of one kind at least, can reason. An exhibition which he gave with his four-legged troupe seemed to verify his views to a marked extent. Certain anecdotes which he related of dogs he had owned added strength to his assertion. Edward Gillett and his performing dogs had been for a week a popular feature of the vaudeville entertainment at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre. Everybody loves a dog which is not annoying him, and so the natural antics, no less than the taught tricks of Gillett's subjects, were well received. Their performance began with the appearance of a "sandwich" dog before the curtain, carrying a doll nearly as big as himself and two placards, one on each side, announcing the first act, "A Coon Flirtation." This proved to be a lively pantomime, and it was very cleverly done, without noticeable prompting from the trainer.

In following scenes dogs came into view that turned back-somersaults with great agility, played tunes singly on strings of bells or acted as a body of ringers of the chimes, leaped over obstacles of varying height, climbed ladders and dived down into nets, and indulged in a chaos of general skylarking, which included hurdle clearing, wild scurries about the stage, high jumping to reach and knock about balloons that when rudely touched exploded with a crash, while all the time there was a deafening medley of barks. In these parts of the "turn" Mr. Gillett was constantly in evidence directing the troupe. The excited animals entered into the concluding gayety with particular vim. Some of the balloons floated across the footlights, and the dogs followed them as far as they could, barking loudly. Members of the orchestra and a woman in a box were active in driving back the spheres, which the dogs would bunt with their noses and send flying many feet upward. A number of the quadrupeds indulged in clownish feats. The climax came when, after the curtain had been lowered, an attendant who had gone out to capture a stray

balloon was attacked by two or three dogs and fled, leaving his coat-tails in the teeth of one of his assailants. It was a comparatively simple affair throughout, but the audience thoroughly enjoyed it, and Mr. Gillett afterward made it clear that to produce the results witnessed had required effort and skill on his part.

"To be a successful dog trainer," he said, "one needs a strong love for the animals, a kindly disposition, and much patience. One must train his pets without harshness, for a dog which is scolded and beaten loses his spirit or becomes sullen, and will not learn so readily. It usually takes considerable gentle and tedious teaching to make a dog understand just



EDWARD GILLETT, THE DOG-TRAINER, AND HIS RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND.

what you want him to do, and to get him to do it well. Dogs display as many differences among themselves as men do. Some are regular dunces, or bad tempered, and cannot be taught any trick. Others are bright and gifted, and quickly comprehend and master their business. Dogs, too, have their moods, and their states of

mind and body, as we do, being more apt to learn and perform at one time than at another. I have no use for a dull or a snappish cur. After I have given such a one a fair amount of drill and he does not improve, I discard him and take on another pupil."

Mr. Gillett declared that he had no special system of training, saying, "I simply study each new dog I acquire, and find out what thing he is best fitted for, and then I try to educate that bent in him. I do not try to force him to attempt what is entirely against his inclination or abilities. That would be a waste of time and exertion. Few dogs make good all-around performers; most of them are equal to only one or two good stunts. It is an interesting fact that the applause of an audience is a great stimulus to a performing dog. He realizes just what it means, and hand-clapping and laughter have the same effect on him as on a human performer. Dogs will do on the stage with alacrity what they can hardly be persuaded to do in private." The number of dogs in his traveling company, Mr. Gillett stated, was twenty-nine, but he has seven or eight more at his home in Massachusetts. He has two assistants in caring for his four-footed actors. He has been running a "dog show" for about ten years, having previously been a professional juggler. He has now become so skillful in treating sick dogs that he needs no service from a veterinarian. He owns half a dozen varieties of canines, which are of several "nationalities," and he is obliged to address them in English, French, or German, as the case may be, to make them understand him. The French poodle is, in Mr. Gillett's estimation, the most intelligent and teachable of all the dog kind. He told how a very clever poodle he had obtained from a bootblack in Paris was put on the stage at once without any training, and practically was a self-made performer. He claimed that certain dogs have a musical ear, and can comprehend a tune. The first dog he ever trained played "Home, Sweet Home" on the bells most appreciatively, but he admitted that this canine musician had never had an equal. Mr. Gillett's kennel contains no dogs of the larger breeds, except a young Russian wolf-hound. He said that while mastiffs, Newfoundlands, and St. Bernards were exceedingly intelligent, they were too slow for him, his acts demanding animals that are very quick in their movements.

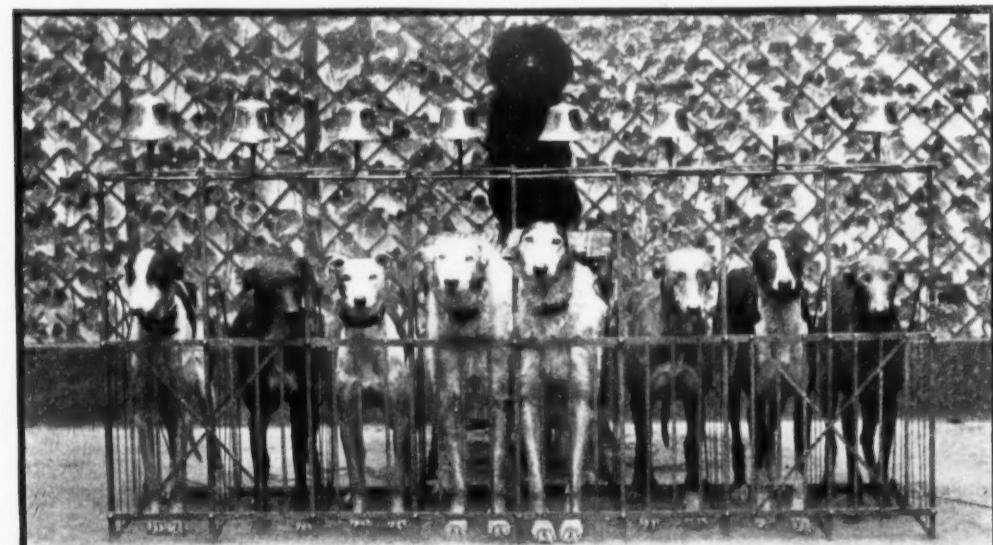
T. DORR.



FRENCH POODLE WHICH DRIVES A BALLOON UP IN THE AIR AS FAST AS IT DESCENDS.—G. J. Hare, Jr.



SKILLED TRIO PLAYING A TUNE ON THE SLEIGH-BELLS.—G. J. Hare, Jr.



NOVEL APPARATUS BY MEANS OF WHICH "AMERICA" IS PLAYED ON THE BELLS BY NINE DOGS, LEAPING IN AND OUT OF THE FRAME.—Kipp.

Gambling as it is on the Frontier

GAMBLING GOES on forever, but under various covers. In New York the fever rages behind doors that are as strong as the doors of jails. And the further from civilization one goes the more easy of access are the gambling games. In the isolated settlements of the far West, wherever a few men are gathered together in a village or camp, a game of chance for money is nearly certain to be found. In the larger towns these games are more carefully guarded, as they are in the cities of the East, but in the camps and settlements the games are "open." And the murders that are committed in such settlements, though they are not frequent now, are in the majority of instances the result of quarrels over games of cards.

"Stud-horse" poker, or "stud" poker, as it is familiarly called, is one of the favorite games in the gambling places of the frontier settlements. It is presided over by a "dealer," who deals the cards and covers all bets. If the game is "straight," the dealer has no better chance to win than any of the players, and the only profit for him in the game is a small commission. In nearly all of the saloons of the smaller mining towns of Utah a game of "stud" is in progress. Sometimes it is played in a small side room opening into the bar-room, or in a back room separated from the bar by a partition. More frequently, however, the gambling-tables are in the same room as the bar, and without any screen or partition whatever in front of them.

There is nothing elaborate about the gambling tables in these frontier places. They are usually plain, wooden affairs, sometimes covered with a ragged green oil-cloth, often not covered at all. And about these tables men sit and gamble and drink until far into the morning. A man may win or lose money rapidly in "stud" poker, but those who play in these frontier games are not usually men with large sums of money to lose. Most of them are working for wages in the mines. In a night's play men may win or lose a few hundreds, but this is insignificant in comparison with the stakes of the old bonanza mining days, when the wealth was acquired by the men who dug the ore.

In the California oil-fields "stud" poker is a favorite game, and more than a year ago at Christmas time

there were two killings, the result of gambling quarrels. One of these occurred in the saloon of an Italian, but the murderer and the murdered were Americans. A group of men sat about a round table drinking and playing "stud," at midnight, when one of the men, who had lost heavily, accused the others of cheating. He finally became abusive, and in a fury left the saloon. A few minutes passed, and he returned with a Winchester shot-gun, loaded and cocked. When he had entered the room the invader at once raised his gun to fire into the group around the poker-table. One of these men, a big blacksmith, jumped to his feet and started with a leap toward the invader, hoping to throw the muzzle of the gun upward, so that the load, if discharged, would be lodged in the ceiling. But the blacksmith was too late. The load of buckshot struck him full in the throat, and he fell to the floor dead. The murderer backed out through the door, with his gun at his shoulder, keeping all the men in the saloon at bay. Then he fled on foot across the hills into the night and was gone.

The search for him, which has not yet ceased, has not been successful. The murderer has never been

found. The blacksmith's body was carried to the railroad half a mile away and shipped out of camp in a freight-car. In the same saloon, the year before, another man had been killed over a game of "stud." Two men fought with their fists; one fell, and in falling struck his head on the corner of a stove, fracturing the skull. But, notwithstanding the two murders, the saloon was not closed, and the game of "stud" runs on as before. It can be said for the frontier gambling places that boys are never welcomed. The gamblers want none but grown men.

Throughout all the country that extends from the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean the Chinaman is a feature of the frontier life. There is no place too primitive, rude, or lawless for the "Chink." At the mines he is the cook. In the mining towns he runs a restaurant or a laundry, and he is usually an inveterate gambler. It is a queer and apparently a contradictory characteristic of the Chinaman that he will starve by day to save the money which he will throw away with the most reckless extravagance in gambling at night.

Saturday night is the gayest night of all in the camps of the newest mining districts. To make their places of amusement more alluring, music—or that which is called music—is introduced. At one end of the room is a piano or organ, and to this accompaniment a fiddler plays for an hour or so, while the click of the poker chips goes merrily on under the wreaths of bad tobacco smoke. Then the violinist lays aside his instrument to join in the game with the others.

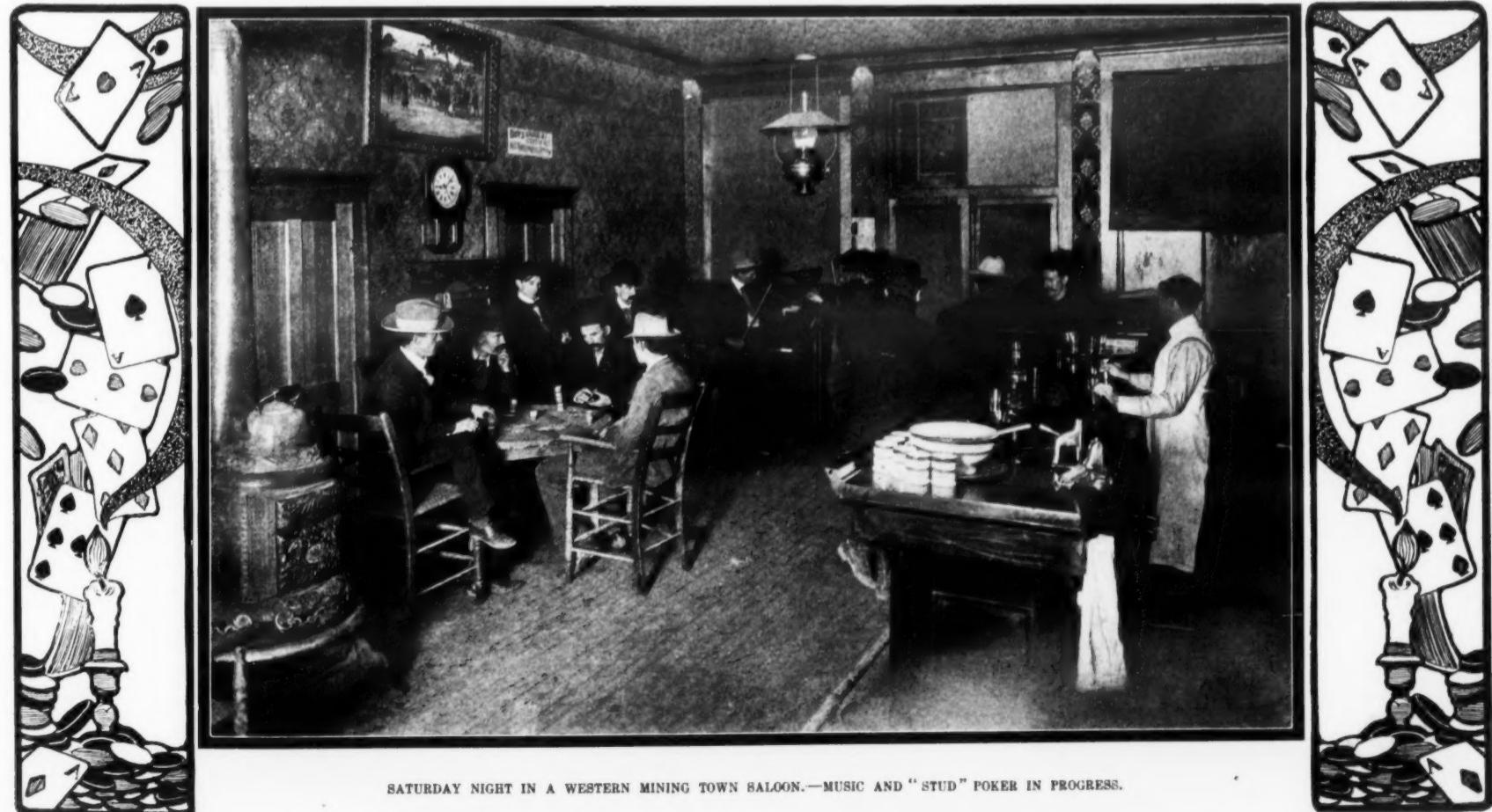
"Get in, 'Fiddlin' Jim,'" some one says to him, at the same time moving his chair to make a place for the musician.

Alaska, being the newest and the richest placer mining district of America, has recently been the harvest for the big gamblers, giving rise to complaints from various sources in the States. The result has been that the department of justice at Washington has recently ordered that the laws against gambling be rigidly enforced in the Territory of Alaska, so that the large open establishments there have been closed. In a small way, however, gambling is certain to continue there.

OLIVER SHEDD.



LIVELY GAME OF "STUD" POKER IN A SOUTHERN UTAH MINING TOWN—THE "DEALER" BEHIND THE TABLE, THE PLAYERS, INCLUDING A CHINAMAN, IN FRONT.



SATURDAY NIGHT IN A WESTERN MINING TOWN SALOON.—MUSIC AND "STUD" POKER IN PROGRESS.



New York's Curbstone Clothing Brokers

By Tom Thorne



DOWN IN Broad Street, New York, the curb-brokers struggle and scramble and yell in their efforts to secure advantage over each other in the sale and purchase of stocks; but on Elizabeth Street there is another crowd of curb-brokers. They do not trade in stocks, however, but in the poorest quality of second-hand clothes—old hats, old coats, old vests, old trousers, shoes, and neckties; and New York's curbstone clothing exchange is one of the most curious institutions in the whole world.

Elizabeth Street extends parallel with the Bowery, and lies between the great Italian quarter and the Ghetto. Where it begins, at Bayard Street, you will see, every afternoon of the week, excepting Saturday and Sunday, from two o'clock until dark, a strange crowd of men distributed along the sidewalk and in the street; and nearly all of these men will be burdened with a quantity of second-hand wearing apparel. Here is one with only a single tattered pair of trousers or a vest over his arm; and another with a string of old shoes, another with a pyramid of hats, one fitting on top of another. And among these men there will be great activity. Frequently you will see two in earnest conversation. One will be displaying an old coat, the other will be making a most critical examination of it, picking it with his fingers, looking at it eagerly inside and out. A trade is in progress. For these second-hand clothing brokers scour the city every forenoon buying or begging throughout all the residence district any sort of cast-off outer garments. And then in the afternoon they appear with their stock on the curb of Elizabeth Street. Some of the goods—the best ones—they sell at the little second-hand stores of the district, and then they begin trading with one another.

Many of the poor of the East Side buy their clothing of these brokers. Longshoremen from the water front are customers, too, of these strange dealers. A big empty truck comes along, and the driver pulls his horses up to the curb and stops them among the clothing tradesmen.

"Let me see that hat," he says to the one who has on his arm the conglomerate pyramid of hats. The teamster tries on a black "derby," and it fits him.

"Dot's just your shape," says the trader quickly.

"What do yez want fer it?" asks the driver.

"Twenty-five cents," says the broker.

"Nit," says the driver, and takes it off. "I'll give yez fifteen cents."

"All right," says the trader, and he takes the money. Then the truckman puts on the "new" hat, throws the old one into the street and drives on. Afterward several of the brokers one at a time pick up the teamster's castaway hat, and drop it again. But after a while you look around for the old hat, and it is gone. Some one has concluded that he could sell it, and probably he does, for many a hat is sold by the curb dealer of Elizabeth Street for four cents or five cents or six cents.

One day when I was watching this queer branch of commerce two Jews near me became engaged in negotiations of usual intensity. One of them was almost hidden in old garments of all sorts. Both his arms were full of them, and they were draped over his shoulders and strung around his neck. In order to put his hand in his pocket he was obliged to hold several of the old garments in his teeth. The negotiations were like this: The heavily burdened man examined with extreme inconvenience a vest which the other offered for sale.

"How much, mister?" asked the prospective purchaser.

"Fifteen cents," said the other.

The first trader, he who carried the heavy load of garments, turned away so suddenly and with such complete scorn and contempt that you would have thought that he had received a gross and irrevocable insult. The other turned on his heel indifferently. Then suddenly and without apparent reason both decided simultaneously to renew the "dicker."

"Give you ten cents," said the buyer.

This time it was the other who was insulted; and a heavy insult it seemed to be. But the buyer, already burdened with his stock, persisted.

"No good! no good!" he said, looking at the

vest and scornfully lifting his arms and shoulders in characteristic gesture, in spite of his load. "Ten cents?" he repeated.

All at once the other took the vest, the object of the trade, and threw it on the shoulder of the buyer. The latter lifted a pair of trousers, which he had held



"OLD ALTA," THE ONLY WOMAN CLOTHING BROKER.
G. J. Hare, Jr.

in his hand, to his mouth, and held the garments in his teeth as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a black purse that opened with a snap. Then he put a nickel in the open palm of the other trader, and after that, one after another, four one-cent pieces. Then the buyer rudely shoved the other away. But the latter made a movement of protest, although he said nothing, for he had received only nine cents, and the price agreed upon for the vest had been ten cents. He was plainly getting a cent the worst of it. But he decided to make no further protest, and walked away.

In a few minutes he was a few feet farther on, trying to buy a pair of trousers that were frayed at the hem and torn at the knee. He was willing to give a nickel, but the other broker wanted ten cents. They didn't get together on a price. In the crowd was an old Italian woman. She had appeared on the street early, but although she had been approached frequently by eager tradesmen, she had bought so far only

a pair of trousers and a boy's hat. She had evidently come out for the purpose of getting in a supply for husband and son.

The curbstone clothing brokers have headquarters in three saloons, all of which are near the corner of Elizabeth and Bayard. The most important of these is the Bayard Street place. On the side of the room opposite the bar is a long bench, and this is always crowded with buyers. Those who have made the morning canvass throughout the city's residence districts come to these buyers and sometimes offer their entire stock. The bundle is opened on the floor of the saloon, and the two interested men are soon in a sharp intellectual conflict. It is "steel cut steel," for in their petty way these men have by constant trading added much shrewdness and cunning to their natural commercial qualities. This saloon is always packed by the crowd of traders.

There are more than one hundred of these curbstone clothing dealers in Elizabeth Street, and practically all of them are Russian or German or Roumanian Jews—"Motsies" or "Geese," as they are called by their neighbors of the East Side. Among the traders are a few Italians, who are known as "Guineas," although I don't know why; and there are probably half a dozen Americans and Irish in the crowd. One woman belongs to this unique organization. She is a Jewess, withered and lean and brown, but wonderfully shrewd and active. "Old Alta" they call her in Elizabeth Street.

Among the brokers are three distinct classes—those who deal only in hats, those who handle shoes exclusively, and those who will buy and sell any sort of old clothes. Prominent among the first class is "Shorty," an American, born in New York, as were his parents before him. "Shorty" has his regular customers, young fellows and old fellows of the Bowery lodging-houses, who, when the old "top" becomes intolerable, come to him for a hat not quite so old. He sells his hats at an average price of fifteen cents; for some he receives more, and for others less. "Shorty" sells some of his goods to the famous hat man of East Broadway, who is said to conduct a business that amounts sometimes to more than a hundred dollars a day.

This dealer buys old hats from those who go out and collect them, and then he cleans and repairs the second-hand headgear and supplies other stores with them, selling many at retail, as well. This dealer has a large trade in silk hats, his customers being cab-drivers. On St. Patrick's day, particularly if there is to be a parade, the hatman of East Broadway always does a rushing business in silk hats. Beginning as traders on Elizabeth Street, many of these men have made snug fortunes. After they have made a little from their dealings on the curb they have opened little, dark, basement stores, where they continue to buy and sell, always saving something and getting finally into larger quarters on Grand Street or Canal Street, with gay show windows and electric signs over the doorway. But many of the brokers are not the saving kind. I am afraid they are among the sports of the East Side. Some of them drink a good deal, living scantily from one day to the next.

In order to secure a stock of goods in which to trade each afternoon some of these brokers have ingenious plans. Early in the morning several of them can be seen starting out for the day's buying with various pots and kettles which they buy from a dealer near the corner. They offer first in payment for second-hand articles, which the housewife in her home has to sell, a pot or kettle, giving to this article a somewhat inflated value. Then, if the housewife does not need this, the trader begins talking cash. The curb market of Elizabeth Street has been in existence probably a score of years. It bloomed into life and activity with the waning glories of old Baxter Street, but it is different. Baxter Street made its money from the unsophisticated stranger. The Elizabeth Street dealer encounters those of his own race, men who are as shrewd as he; for the population of New York has seen a mighty change in twenty years.



INTERIOR OF THE BAYARD STREET SALOON, HEADQUARTERS OF THE CURBSTONE CLOTHING BROKERS.—G. J. Hare, Jr.



ICE-BOUND "DISCOVERY" AND THE METEOROLOGICAL STATION AFTER A VIOLENT BLIZZARD.



EXPLORING PARTY LEAVING WINTER QUARTERS WITH A NORWEGIAN FISHING-BOAT ON RUNNERS.



New Record in Antarctic Exploration

THE NAME most prominently identified of late years with Arctic exploration is that of Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., who succeeded in reaching the highest northern latitude attained by any explorer. The commander's exploring days were supposed to have ended with his return from his latest unsuccessful attempt to get to the north pole, but it has recently been announced from Washington that, with President Roosevelt's approval, though against the opposition of Secretary of the Navy Moody, he has again been granted a leave of absence in order to prosecute his search for the pole. This virtual indorsement of Peary's plans by the government is surprising, considering his previous failures and the utter lack of practical good that would result from the success of his undertaking. More's the pity, he will not be alone in the quest for empty honors. Several expeditions are already at work in the Arctic zone, and quite as many others are toiling and suffering for no useful purpose far within the Antarctic circle.

The most spectacular of the foolhardy bands struggling in the direction of the south pole is the British National Antarctic Expedition, under command of Captain Scott, which sailed from England in the steamer *Discovery* during the latter part of the year 1901. This expedition has achieved a new record, although the vessel herself has had an unfortunate experience. Soon after she had entered the high southern latitudes she was caught fast in a great ice-field at the foot of Mount Erebus, in latitude 77°50', longitude 166°42'. Last February the relief ship *Morning* succeeded in getting into that vicinity, but could approach no nearer than five miles to the entrapped steamer, to which new supplies had to be transferred over the ice. The *Discovery* had then been ice-bound for eleven

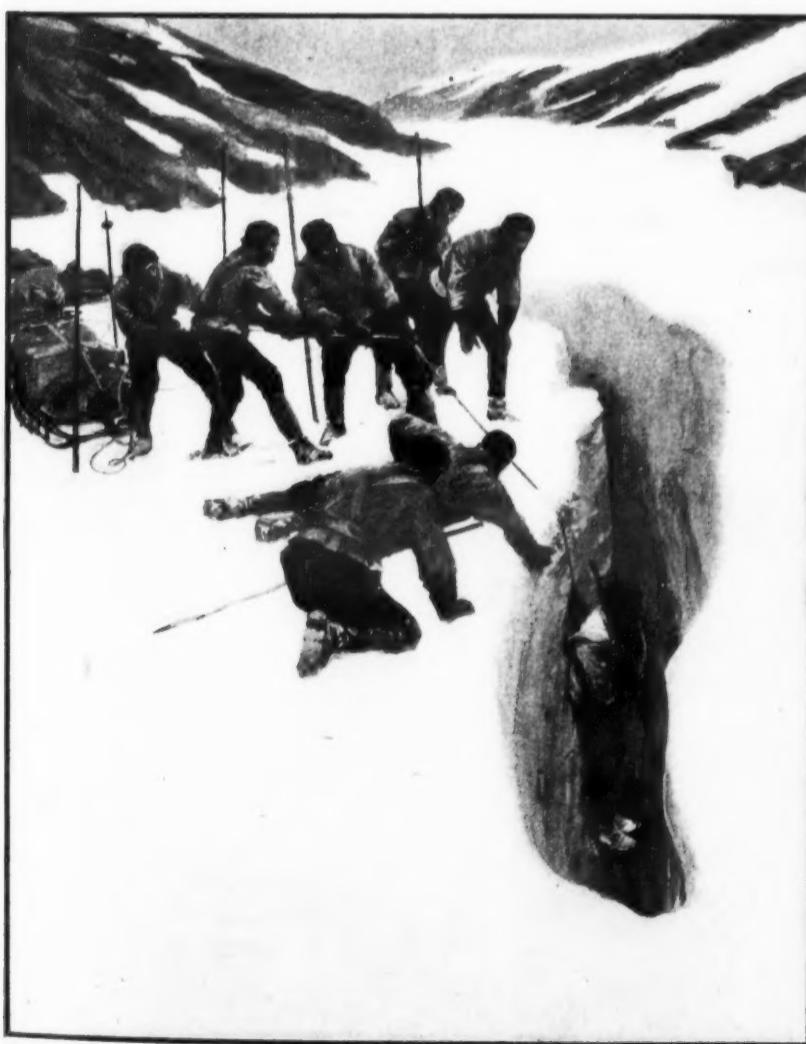
months, and the prospects were that she must remain there until a channel could be cut for her through the solid pack for five miles to the open sea. Attempts were made to blast a passage for her, but the quantity of explosives and the tools available did not suffice to more than begin the operation. Another relief ship, the *Nova Terra*, has just been dispatched to the scene by the British government, and she carries enough gun-cotton, ice-saws, etc., to make the releasing of the imprisoned craft a virtual certainty.

Owing to her mishap the *Discovery* wintered 500 miles farther south than any of her predecessors, and from that point Captain Scott, Lieutenant Shackleton, and Dr. Wilson managed to sledge their way to latitude 82°17', or more than three degrees nearer the south pole than was ever before reached by man. The three officers had an exceedingly hard time of it, for their dogs at length gave out, became useless, and died of exhaustion or disease, or had to be killed. They were compelled on much of the outward and during all of the return journey to drag their three sledges along themselves. They could move only one sledge at a time over the rough hummocks and treacherous crevasses, and after advancing a few miles with the first they had to go back for the second, and afterward for the third. This compelled them to pass over the whole ground three times. Lieutenant Shackleton finally broke down, owing to over-exertion, and hemorrhage of the lungs followed. This incapacitated him for work, and the pulling of the sledges then devolved on Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson. The party in time regained the ship, but Lieutenant Shackleton did not mend in the bitterly cold climate, and he was sent home, much against his will, in the *Morning*.

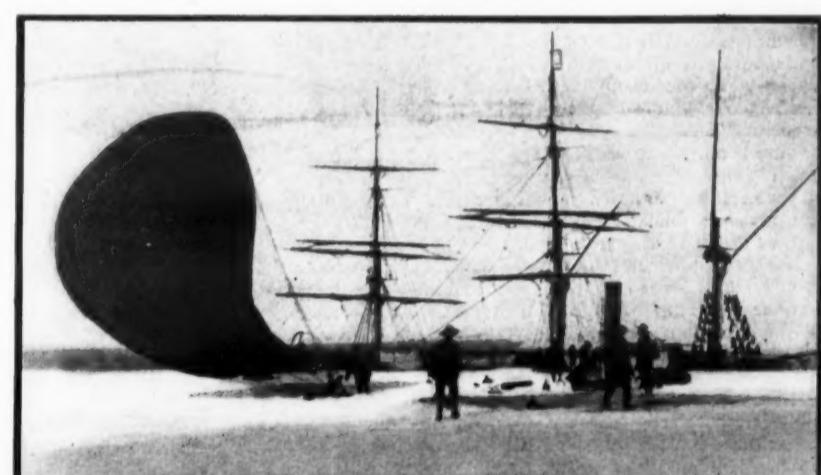
Other parties setting out from the ship in various

directions to examine the country also had notable experiences and made a number of discoveries. Each of them on its return to headquarters had thrilling stories to tell of hardships and dangers. One of the men engaged in these enterprises fell, during a blizzard, over an ice cliff into the sea and was drowned. Others had narrow and miraculous escapes from death, and a large proportion of them all were frost-bitten. To offset its drawbacks the expedition found an extensive new land, which was named after King Edward VII., and it proved that Mounts Terror and Erebus were located on an island instead of on the main land as had been supposed. An immense mountain range, extending poleward farther than the eye could see, was also discovered by Captain Scott's party, and panoramic photographs were taken of it by Dr. Wilson. In addition to new geographical knowledge, the expedition accumulated a vast amount of data—zoological, botanical, meteorological, magnetic, etc. It is claimed that certain observations taken will throw new light on the shape of the earth.

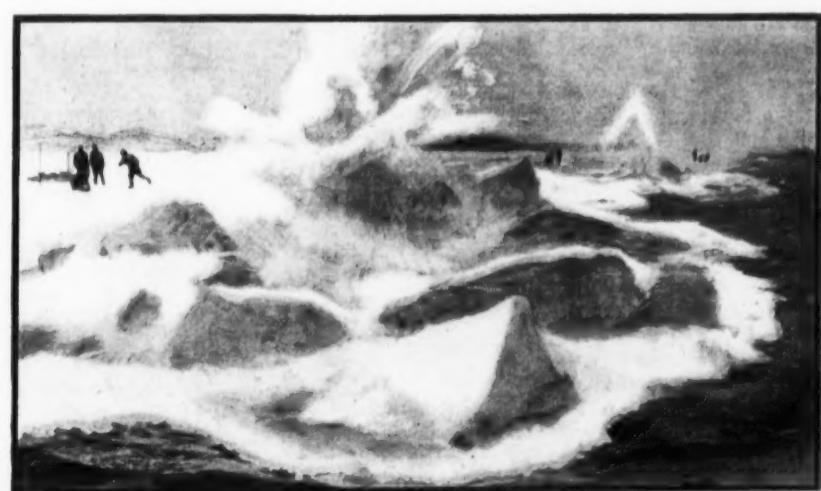
The expedition took with it from England a balloon, but only one ascension was made, the first that ever was attempted from an ice-field. A specially constructed hut brought from New Zealand furnished comfortable quarters on shore. Mount Erebus, towering over twelve thousand feet above the locked-in steamer, poured forth continuously great volumes of smoke, and at times showed signs of internal fires. At no time, however, does this volcano appear to have threatened danger to the expedition, and it is to be hoped that no calamity has befallen it from any other source. Under the ordinary conditions of that repellent region it is having a hard enough time and paying a sufficient penalty for its foolhardiness.



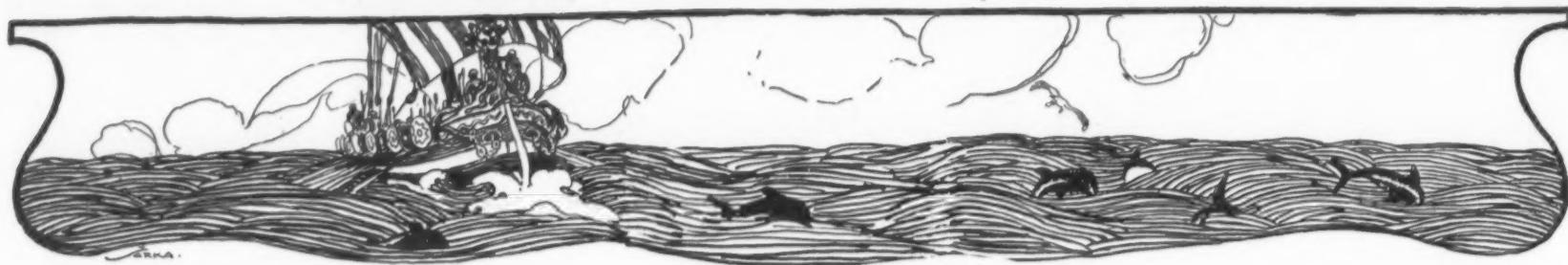
LIEUTENANT ARMITAGE SLIPS INTO A CREVASSE AND IS SAVED, BY A SLEDGE ROPE TIED TO HIS BODY, FROM FALLING 2,500 FEET.



COLLAPSE OF THE ONLY BALLOON IN WHICH AN ASCENT WAS EVER MADE IN THE ANTARCTIC.



ATTEMPT TO BLAST A CHANNEL THROUGH THE ICE TO THE "DISCOVERY," IMPRISONED FIVE MILES FROM OPEN WATER.



What the Wireless Adds to the Ocean Voyage

By Earl Mayo

THE PLAINT of the old-fashioned voyager that "ocean travel isn't what it used to be" since the big liners have been equipped with Marconi apparatus and, with their "wireless newspapers," have lost some of their isolation from the world while on their journeys over-sea, is not indorsed by most transatlantic travelers who seem to find a new spice, a relief from the former monotony of the ocean trip, and an added sense of security in the facilities afforded by wireless communication. At least this is what one must infer from the way they flock to boats provided with Marconi stations in preference to those that do not have them.

There is no question but that the installation of wireless telegraphy on many of the big ocean liners has already brought about decided innovations in the ocean voyage, and that it is destined to produce many others as it is developed and perfected in its working and as its use becomes more general. Already it has come to be regarded as a regular feature of the liner's equipment and virtually a necessity. The man of large affairs who to-day undertakes the Atlantic voyage may do so with the knowledge that if any matter of great consequence comes up he can communicate with his office or his home—an assurance that doubtless encourages many a man to make the crossing who would hesitate to do so in other circumstances. At any rate, the steamship agents say that one of the questions most frequently asked by prospective passengers is, "Your ships have the wireless service, I believe?" and on the liners that carry a "macaroni man," as the wireless operator has been dubbed aboard ship, there is always a brisk business in sending and receiving messages toward either end of the voyage.

When one considers that the whole art of wireless communication is still in its embryo stages, one sees that the progress which has been made in the matter of communication between ships at sea and between ship and shore is really remarkable. In this novel development the steamers of the American line, whether by chance or by enterprise, seem to have been the pioneers. At any rate, it was on board the *Philadelphia*, in 1899, that Marconi received the first wireless signal across a distance of two thousand miles, and took down the first tape-recorded message ever received on a steamship. It was on the *St. Paul* in November of the same year that the first ocean newspaper carrying telegraphic dispatches was published. This diminutive news sheet was issued under Mr. Marconi's personal direction, and the few copies of it bearing his signature are now held as cherished souvenirs by those who are interested in the progress of his invention. Later, toward the end of 1902, the American line began to publish newspapers carrying "marconized" messages on all its vessels. This example has been followed until now there are four or five newspapers published on the Atlantic on board the ships of as many different lines.

Most of the wireless messages which are sent to or from the big liners are dispatched while the ship is near the beginning or end of its voyage. The distance at which communication is certain and effective for ordinary messages is about two hundred and fifty miles. Messages have been sent from much greater distances, but with the power provided by the ordinary shipboard installation at the present time this is the approximate limit as announced by the officials of the wireless company.

This does not mean, however, that messages can be sent only when the ship is within two hundred and fifty miles from her starting point. The wireless stations are so arranged on both sides of the Atlantic that the liner may be in communication with the shore constantly from the time when she leaves her berth until she is two hundred and fifty miles beyond the farthest point of land which she passes in her seaward flight. For instance, a liner leaving New York can talk with the New York station during her trip down the harbor and out past Sandy Hook. There she will open communication with the station at Babylon on the Long Island shore, and before she is out of range of the instruments here she will be able to communicate with the station at Sagaponack. Beyond this is the station at Siasconset; so until the messages flashed from that station fail to arouse an answering click in the wireless office on shipboard, the passengers on the liner may regularly interchange messages with their friends on shore.

Similarly, when the liner approaches the European end of her voyage, she is able to pick up, one after another, the various stations on that side. Suppose she is a White Star vessel bound for Liverpool. She will come into communication, in the order named, with Crookhaven, Rosclare, Holyhead, and Liverpool. If her destination is Southampton she will get her first

European messages from The Lizard and the next from Niton. If she is an Atlantic Transport boat, making her way to London, she will receive messages from these two stations and also from North Foreland. Thus at either end of her trip the liner is for several hundred miles in regular communication with the shore.

How great a convenience this is the traveler has not been slow in discovering. A business man in San Francisco who knows that his partner is sailing from New York to-day on the *St. Louis* can address a telegraphic message to him on the ship, which will be delivered from the port station as she drops down the bay, and the answer can come back through one of the farther stations. The man who has forgotten some important matter, or who has neglected to cancel an engagement before sailing, can send his wireless message to the south shore of Long Island and receive an acknowledgment of it as the ship approaches Nantucket.

The extent to which this new medium of communication is used is surprising. Many of the messages, of course, are sent merely for the novelty of the thing or as a matter of courtesy, but there are plenty of cases in which they are really important, and where the possibility of sending them relieves the voyager from worry that otherwise would seriously interfere with his pleasure. An example of this usefulness was reported recently. A New York business man, on his way to Europe, had left an important transaction requiring immediate attention in his son's hands. Full instructions had been given the young man, and the financier had apparently done everything necessary to his peace of mind in connection with the transaction. But after his father had sailed the young man suddenly discovered that he did not have the combination of the safe where all the necessary papers were locked. He promptly dispatched a wireless message which was delivered to the father, who was then only four or five hours out. The desired information was promptly forthcoming, and a delay, the consequences of which might have been serious, was avoided.

A second instance was that of a theatrical manager who, in making his plans for a new production, was anxious to secure the services of a certain actor for a particular part. He knew that the man in question was on his way home from Europe, and he also knew that another manager was waiting to make the actor an attractive offer. Under these circumstances he forestalled his rival by sending his offer to the actor on board the ship twelve hours before the boat was docked. As a result of his enterprise he secured his man. Dozens of other incidents, equally picturesque, in which the wireless telegraph has figured during the present season might be cited.

Another field of usefulness for the new medium of communication is in transmitting messages between ship-owners and the officers of their vessels. Thus the captain of an incoming ship can be directed on which side of a pier he is to dock, so that in breaking out the luggage and arranging it on deck he will know on which side to place it. Or, again, as happened lately, a captain may be notified that he is to take out on his next voyage a large consignment of fresh beef and can have the refrigeration chambers cleaned and ready for its reception as soon as his ship reaches her berth. The cost of sending wireless messages through any of the stations is two dollars for a dispatch of ten words. To this must be added the regular land rate for transmitting the message from the point of its dispatch to the Marconi station. It is therefore rather an expensive method of communication, although even now its cost is less than that for cabling. It is probable, however, that this rate will be considerably reduced as the system becomes more extended and its use more general.

One must not understand, however, that it is only at the beginning or end of the ocean voyage that wireless communication comes into play. As a fact, a liner carrying the wireless mechanism is pretty certain to be in communication with other vessels at frequent intervals in her progress across the Atlantic. Indeed, it has happened on several occasions that messages from land which could not be answered directly, because the ship had passed out of range of the farthest shore station, have been replied to by transferring the dispatch to another steamer traveling in the opposite direction.

This possibility of exchanging information between steamships at sea is one of the respects in which the wireless telegraph has most noticeably and pleasantly affected the Atlantic voyage. In place of the guesses as to the name and destination of a neighboring vessel which used to take place whenever a trail of smoke

appeared on the horizon, there now ensues an interchange of an interesting budget of news, and not infrequently an exchange of greetings between friends upon the two vessels. It has happened several times, notably in two or three voyages of the *Philadelphia*, that the ship has been in communication with other vessels daily throughout her Atlantic journey. Naturally this wireless conversation across the waste of waters is a pleasant relief in the monotony of an ordinary ocean voyage. Only a few weeks ago the Atlantic Transport liner *Minnehaha* and the *Zeeland* of the Red Star line were within communicating distance of each other from the time they left the English Channel until they reached Sandy Hook, and a game of chess which lasted for three days was played by wireless between teams on the two ships.

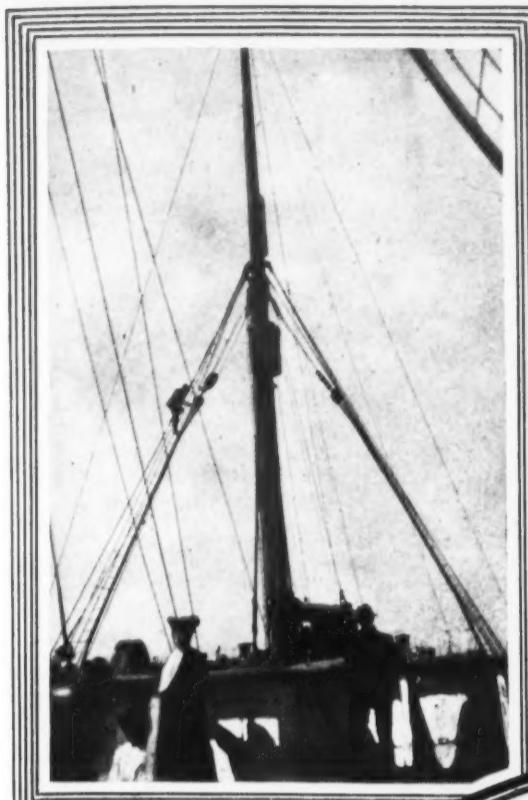
Perhaps the most noteworthy of all the achievements of wireless telegraphy in the Atlantic passage is the ocean newspaper. This is a natural outgrowth of the possibility of communicating with the shore, and on several lines the latest news is published in bulletin form a day before land is reached at either end of the voyage. The matter conveyed in the dispatches is furnished by prominent news agencies in Europe and America; is transmitted to the ship as soon as she comes within the radius of communication on either side; is edited, put into type and printed by the ship's printer, and distributed to the passengers, who thereby learn who has died, and whether the stock market has gone up or down, twenty-four or thirty-six hours earlier than they otherwise could.

Not only is this newspaper of importance, however, in publishing the latest land news, but its existence makes it most natural to include a local department containing news of the voyage itself and of interesting events on shipboard—a department which does much to promote sociability and mutual interest among those who for the time being are neighbors and fellow-travelers. Beyond doubt the general equipment of Atlantic liners with the wireless apparatus is increasing the safety of the ocean voyage. True, no emergency has thus far arisen for testing this applicability, but it seems reasonably certain that if a ship equipped with wireless should be disabled in any way she would find it possible, within a day or two at the outside, to communicate with some passing steamer which could either come to her assistance or give notice of her plight on reaching shore, as the circumstances of the case might demand.

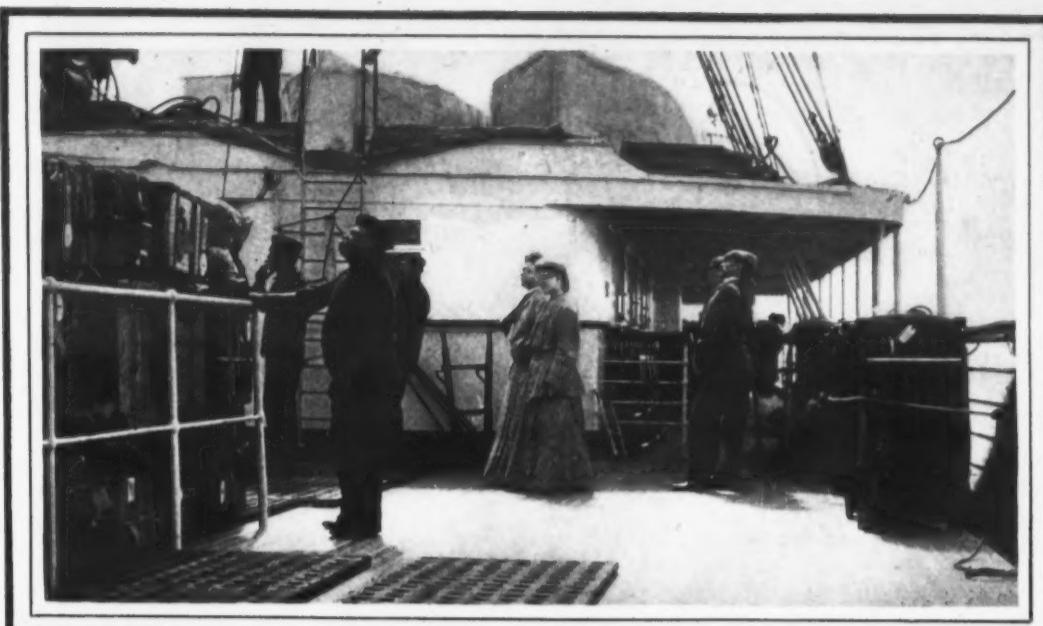
In fact, the province of wireless telegraphy in adding to the interest, convenience, and safety of the ocean voyage seems likely to prove much larger than most people would have supposed. Here is an amusing example of its unexpected possibilities: The publisher of a New York newspaper left for Europe on a somewhat extended honeymoon trip. Now it happened that a legal action in a suit for damages was being brought against this gentleman, but he left New York before the papers in the case were ready to serve. Then, as it was by no means certain when the publisher would return, and as the complainants were exceedingly anxious to have the papers served, in order that their action might not be delayed, their lawyers consulted the Marconi Company officials. The steamer was at that moment too far out at sea to be reached from the American side, but notification in the case was cabled to England and transferred from The Lizard station to the steamer as she approached the English Channel. At two o'clock in the morning the publisher was roused from his slumbers by the Marconi operator with the announcement that there was a message for him. He tore it open hastily to discover that the notice had been legally served.

A Remedy for Mosquitoes.

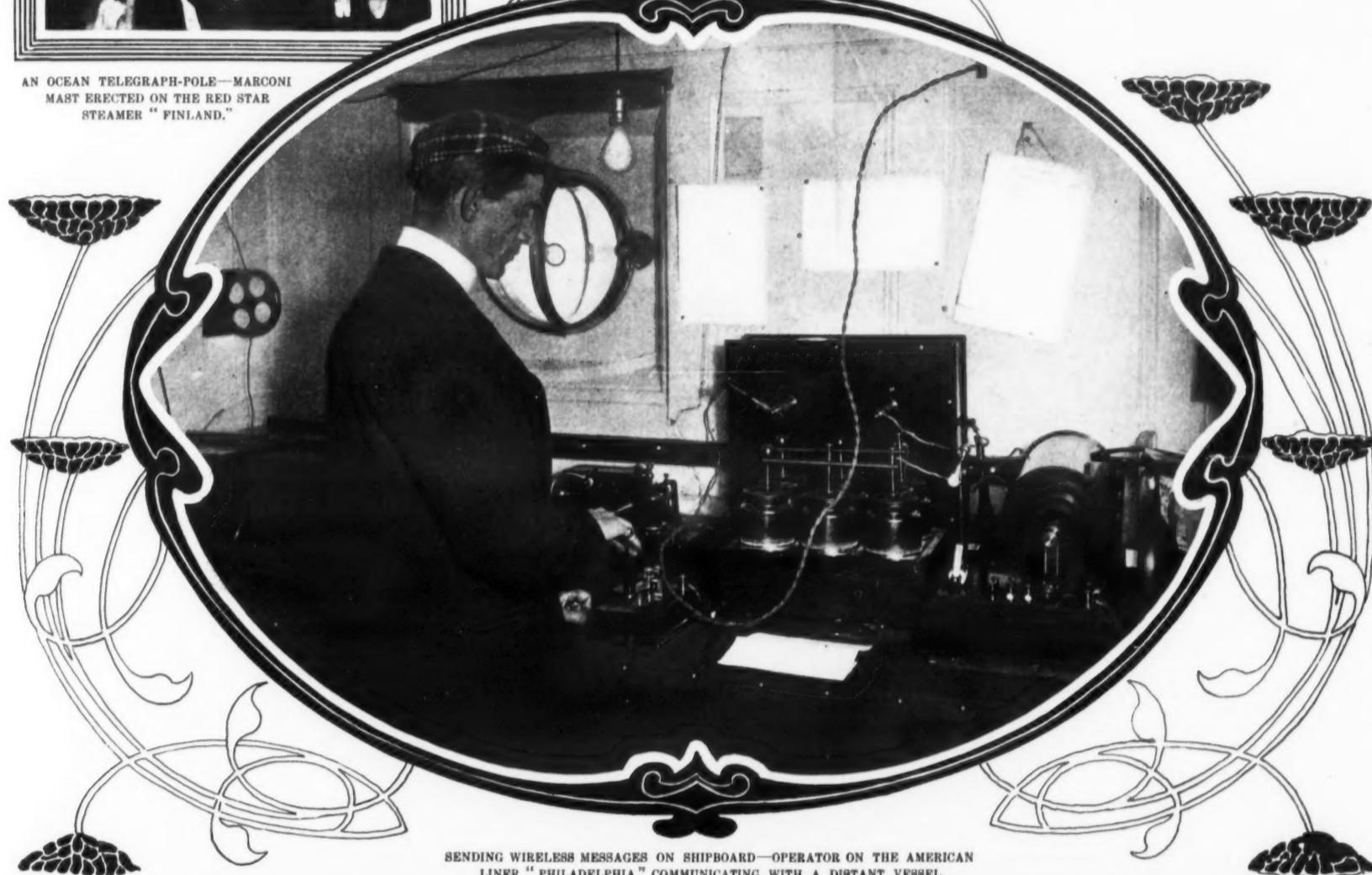
WHILE MANY of the remedies suggested or devised for the mosquito pest during the past few years are either worse than the disease or impracticable because of the expense and difficulty of applying them, none of these objections can be brought against the antidote announced in a German newspaper. This journal reports the finding in North Nigeria of a plant (*Ocimumviride*) two or three of which, when placed in a room or on a veranda, will remove mosquitoes. The effect is produced by the odor exhaled. This resembles thymian and eucalyptus. The natives extract an essence from the plant that is an excellent substitute for quinine. It is not only equal in its effects, but it lacks many of quinine's disagreeable attributes. The same paper reports that a great many natives are familiar with a mosquito plant, called by them "rumbasi," which has similar properties to the one above described.



AN OCEAN TELEGRAPH-POLE—MARCONI
MAST ERECTED ON THE RED STAR
STEAMER "FINLAND."



"ST. PAUL'S" PASSENGERS HEARING FIRST NEWS OF THE BREAKING
OF THE COTTON "CORNER" WHILE STILL A DAY OUT
FROM SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.



SENDING WIRELESS MESSAGES ON SHIPBOARD—OPERATOR ON THE AMERICAN
LINER "PHILADELPHIA" COMMUNICATING WITH A DISTANT VESSEL.



"WHERE AWAY?"—PASSENGERS ON THE "ST. PAUL," IN MID-OCEAN, WATCHING FOR A SHIP
REPORTED BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.



PRINTER ON THE "PHILADELPHIA" RUNNING OFF THE SHIP'S NEWSPAPER CONTAINING WIRE-
LESS-TELEGRAPH NEWS.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY A PRACTICAL SUCCESS AT SEA.
MONOTONY OF OCEAN TRAVEL BROKEN BY FREQUENT MESSAGES FROM LAND AND FROM PASSING SHIPS.

Photographs by Earl Mayo. See opposite page.



McSorley—A Story of the Plains

By Horace Seymour Keller



"A SLENDER FIGURE THAT CAME FROM THE SHADOWS BACK OF THE TENT. . . . IT WAS A CURIOUS SORT OF BEING."

AFTER THE broad-horns had been seen to for the night, and supper was over and pipes lighted, Billy, the mustang buster, tackled the little Pinto again. A famous chap for breaking a wild horse to saddle, was Billy; and he had gone up against this same pony problem before. The success had surely not evened up to his fame as the master of the horse.

That Pinto unhorsed him time and again; and in the end tossed him until he saw stars.

"Well, that's the toughest one I ever tackled; but I'll get him yet. The little jack-rabbit nag has got the best nerve in the way of horse-flesh I ever felt under my seat. He can make the shortest turn of any nag I ever saw. I know he could do the trick on a peck measure, and finish it with a ten-mile stunt across the range. I'll break that little calico cuss or he'll break my neck!"

The husky cowboy meant what he said; but the little Rocky Mountain equine problem only shook his clever head and went away to feed among the cattle. He possessed queer fancies, that Pinto; he liked the company of the cattle, and he was not partial to the horse quarters. In the long drives he roamed among the cattle; at night he slept among them and fed among them. Where he came from no one could tell—only that he appeared among the steers one night during a grand round-up in the face of a terrific blizzard; in the morning he was there, meek and as gentle-appearing as a calf; and he evidently had come to stay during the rest of the drive to Kansas City. When Billy tried to ride the calico pony the little tramp horse showed that he possessed nerve out of the common.

Again the drive was over, and again Billy took the Pinto in hand and tried to master him. The pony would stand all sorts of caressing; he would rub his nose against Billy's shoulder and wink invitingly, and almost say:

"It's all right, old boy; you can pet me, feed me lumps of sugar, and do all that sort of thing, you know, to win my love. But when you straddle me—I am the master. See?"

After the Pinto had unhorsed Billy for the third or fourth time, after Billy had listened to the laughter of the men until he was weary and tired, he wiped the

sweat-drops from his eyes, pulled his revolver, approached the pony, and said as he placed the tube behind the animal's ear:

"There isn't a man on earth can ride the little devil. He eats, takes up room, and pays no board—"

"Don't do it, Billy!"

"Hang me, if I don't!"

"Try the little cuss again."

"Might as well try to ride a bolt of lightning. That nag is only fit for dog meat. There isn't a man on earth can stride the jack-rabbit," uttered Billy as he pressed the tube close behind the Pinto's ear.

"Sorry to say you lie!"

It was a slender figure that came from the shadows back of the tent, and stood there in the gloaming twilight. It was a curious sort of being. Upon the head was a rusty stove-pipe tile of the vintage of away back; between the lips was a cigarette, and from the twin-tilt nostrils poured a twin-cloud of smoke. Upon the splay-feet was a pair of carpet slippers that dangled at the heels—said heels were bare. The hands were crossed upon the narrow breast. The legs were long and slender, and seemed scarcely able to support even so frail a body.

"Sorry to disturb your play, son. Very sorry to see that a man of your fame as a mustang buster has at last barked up the wrong stump. However, such things will happen in the best regulated families. You certainly run up against a snag when you tried to

straddle that little Pinto pony—"

"So, I am a liar, am I?"

Billy's eyes grew dark, and the hand holding the revolver at his hip gripped.

"Which I take back, and beg pardon for saying. I didn't mean that you was wholly a liar—but only in parts, only in parts. When you said there wasn't a man on earth who could ride the Pinto you forgot McSorley; that's all."

"Who the devil is McSorley? And what has he got to do with this Pinto?"

snapped out Billy.

"Who the devil is McSorley? Well, the devil knows better who McSorley is than McSorley does himself. McSorley was a chap who was a gent in his day; that was before the cruel world did him. See? But it was a long time ago, before he found out that the gen-

eral run of humanity was soaking him in the neck for all he was worth. Then he threw up society as he found it. Since then he has become an outcast, so to speak. His best friend in all the world was a mangy little Pinto; just about like the cuss there you have been trying to straddle—but can't. Jack, come here!"

The calico pony came like a dog and squatted down upon his hind-quarters, and laid his head affectionately against the stranger's shoulder.

"McSorley trained the pony to get up with him seated on his back—just as I am." The Pinto rose with the speaker sitting astride.

The cattlemen laughed at Billy, who only gritted his teeth under his inky mustache.

"After McSorley was seated as I am now, he gave a little bit of a whistle like this. See? Then that jack-rabbit of a Pinto gets away—just as I get away—and something happens!"

The stranger gave a shrill whistle, and the Pinto scurried like a rabbit for cover; he also disappeared in the darkness, leaving behind only the sound of his rapidly-flying hoofs.

After Billy, the mustang buster, and the rest of the cattlemen reached for their wallets, which had hung in the tent, something did happen. How they finished out the drive I do not know. But I do know that the calico Pinto pony never browsed again among the broad-horns during that trip over the plains on the way to Kansas City.

Ancient Tayles—Ye Two Dogges

By Lowell Otus Reese



YE ELOQUENT Dogge & ye Silent Dogge went uponne a longe journey.

"Stay thou with me!" barked ye Eloquent Dogge. "I am such goode company! Lo, I talk incessantly, and my conversation shalle keepe thee from becoming tired of the tripe!"

Now ye Silent Dogge would much rather have travelled alone, for he loved silence. Howbeit, he was a good-natured Dogge; soe he thanked ye Eloquent Dogge and bade hymme say whatte hys mind thought.

"I," said ye Eloquent Dogge, "am a mighty manne of valor! Yea, by Apollo and Gosh! I barke with exceeding greate rauousness; and whenne ye robber wolves heare my voice they lose themselves inne space with exceeding swiftness!"

& ye Silent Dogge was troubled; for of a truth he could do more thynges with hys feete than with hys tongue.

"Valor & fierceness be good thynges!" he thought

withinne hymselfe, "butte itte is ye leg action thatte winneth out most inne tyme of danger!"

& itte came to pass that by & by they passed through a dark forest.

"Thys hath a bumme look!" quoth ye Eloquent Dogge. "Methinks I am due to spring a lyttle conversation!"

Wherefore he lifted uppe hys voice & barked long & fiercely so thatte ye forest rang with hys deep yowls & ye Silent Dogge heard & admired greatly.

Butte presently a band of robber wolves broke forth from ye brambles by ye wayside & ate uppe ye Eloquent Dogge soe thatte naught was left of hymme butte ye echo of hys last fierce bark.

Butte ye Silent Dogge had been overlooked inne ye deal. Yea, he was even thenen half a mile away, scratching ye dirt on ye back track & praying withinne hymselfe & thanking hys stars thatte he was born a poore conversationalist.

(YE LESSON.)

First Bite—Ye hasty word & ye black eye travel hand in hand with ye bloody nose.

Second Wizzle—Men may fail to ruin thee with ye

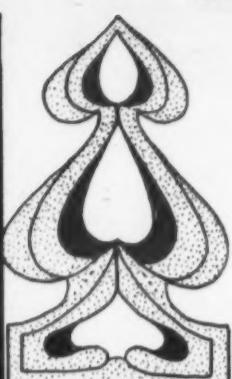
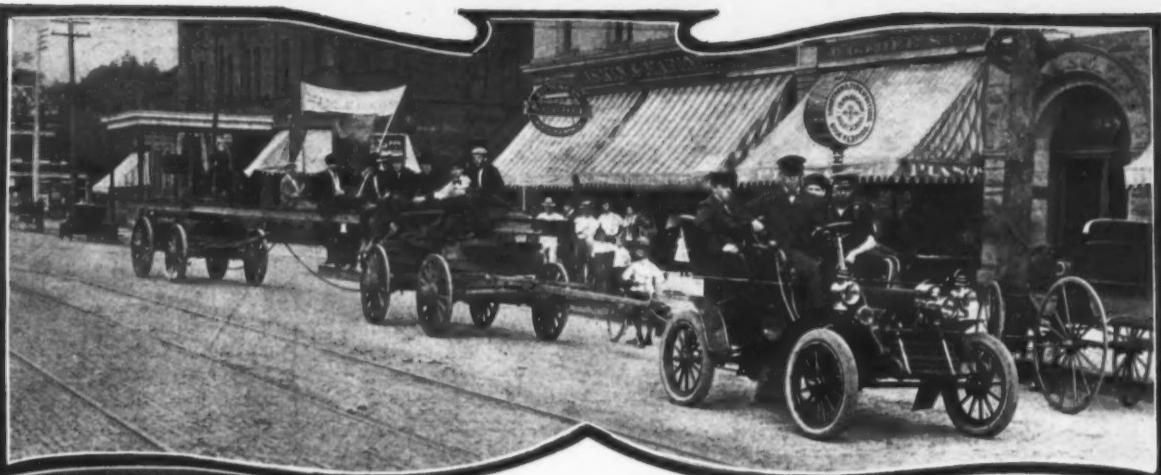
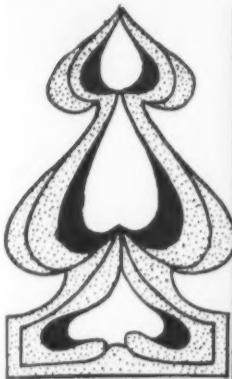
sword; butte if thou talk, they have a weapon furnished by thyselfe whch wille pierce thee through & through.

Third Sneeze—if thou hast anything to say, keep itte to thyselfe—if itte be notte goode. If itte be goode —keep itte to thyselfe.

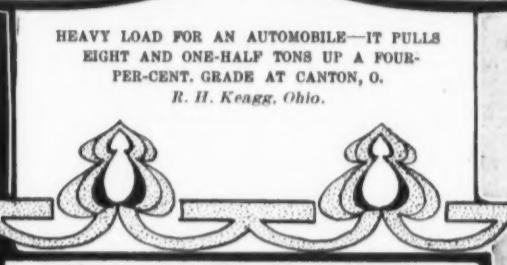
A Brilliant Russian General.

GENERAL KOUROPATKIN, the Russian Minister of War, who recently visited Japan, is one of the most brilliant of the Czar's servants. He has served with distinction in the Russian army, has a wonderful knowledge of Afghanistan, and is author of the plan of campaign that would be followed if Russia were to attack Great Britain's Indian empire. His work of organization in the Russian army has been highly praised by experts. It is said that his recent progress through the far East was made with the object of preparing for eventualities in Manchuria.

DIGESTION's greatest aid—Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. A "nip" before and after every meal gives appetite and helps digestion.—Abbott's.



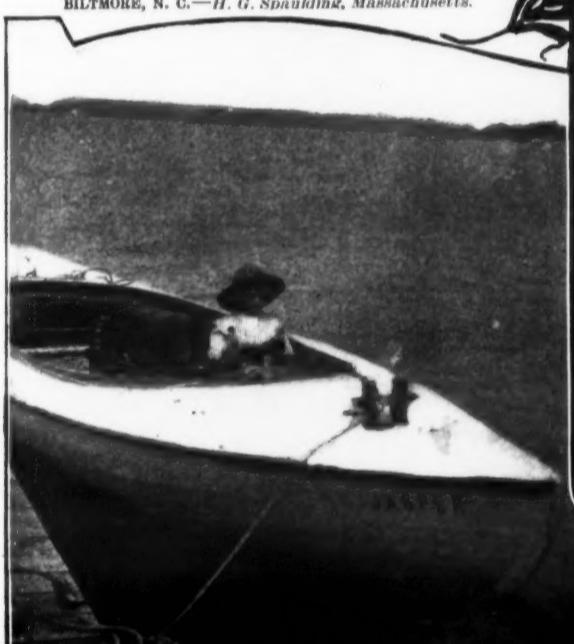
DOLL NAMED BY MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, AND WON IN A GUESSING CONTEST IN CHARGE OF MRS. GEORGE VANDERBILT AT BILTMORE, N. C.—H. G. Spaulding, Massachusetts.



HEAVY LOAD FOR AN AUTOMOBILE—IT PULLS EIGHT AND ONE-HALF TONS UP A FOUR-PER-CENT. GRADE AT CANTON, O.
R. H. Keagg, Ohio.



PAIR OF YOUTHFUL TRUANTS ASTRAY IN THE FIELDS.
Miss Nellie Coutant, Indiana.



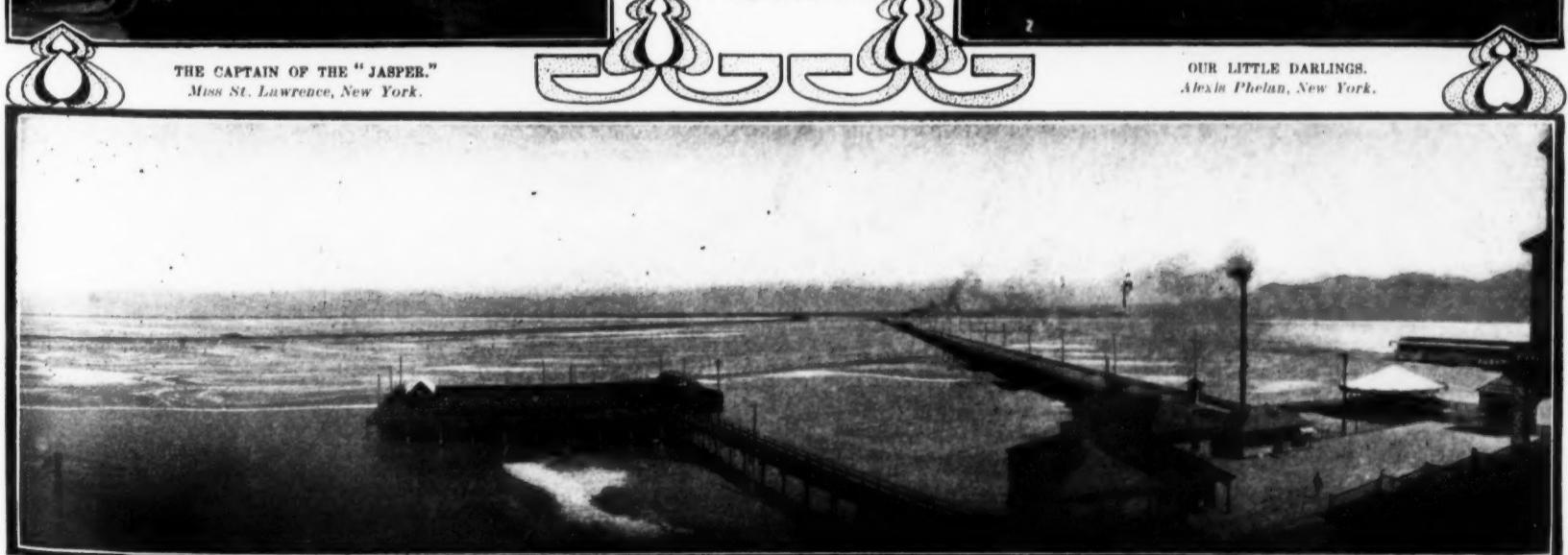
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "JASPER."
Miss St. Lawrence, New York.



(PRIZE-WINNER.) STRIKING PICTURE OF A BALLOON ASCENSION, WITH AN ACROBAT CLINGING TO A TRAPEZE, AT GENESEO, ILL.
J. R. Stephenson, Illinois.



OUR LITTLE DARLINGS.
Alice Phelan, New York.



SALT LAKE DRYING UP—LARGE SECTION WHERE THERE IS NOW LEFT ONLY A SALT DEPOSIT.—Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—ILLINOIS WINS.

NOTEWORTHY EVENTS AND CHARMING SCENES WITNESSED OF LATE BY WATCHFUL CAMERA ARTISTS.

(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 388.)



THE AIM.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"O Thou who lovest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
The failures of the inconstant soul,

"Consider not my little worth—
The mean achievement, scamped in act,
The high resolve and low result,
The dream that durst not face the fact.

"But count the reach of my desire.
Let this be something in Thy sight:
I have not, in the slothful dark,
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

"Neither my body nor my soul
To earth's low ease will yield consent.
I praise Thee for my will to strive,
I bless Thy goad of discontent."

From the "Book of the Rose."

NO LIVING American author holds a larger and surer place in the esteem of all lovers of good literature than Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose new book, "Little Stories," is to be issued soon by the Century Company. While Dr. Mitchell is a versatile and most prolific writer, his publications numbering not less than one hundred and eighty-five, he has maintained a high level of literary excellence, and never fails to be original and entertaining. He will be remembered best and longest, probably, for his fiction, which in "Hugh Wynne" reached what may be regarded as the acme of his power in this direction; but his several volumes of verse, his two children's books, and his contributions to critical and scientific literature have each a merit of its own and genuine value. Dr. Mitchell numbered among the friends of his youth that other eminent physician and man of letters, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a frequent visitor at his father's house in Philadelphia. It was from the genial author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" that Dr. Mitchell, just after he had entered upon the practice of medicine, received a characteristic bit of literary advice. In a moment of confidence the young doctor showed his friend the manuscript of a volume of poems and asked his advice about publishing. Dr. Holmes's advice was not to publish them at all—at least, not until their author was forty years old, when he might do so if he still thought well of it. The publication of the verses then would not help him as a physician, said Dr. Holmes, and professional success should be his first care. The young doctor had the good sense to accept this advice, and the poems were laid by for the sterner and more practical duties of medical practice.

SUCCESS CAME first to Dr. Mitchell as a physician and later as a man of letters, and now in both pursuits his fame has become world-wide. He seems to be, indeed, a living refutation of the saying that no man can serve two masters, for he has served both literature and medical science with unremitting ardor and devotion for many years, and has won equal fame in both. As an authority on nervous diseases he holds a first rank among the specialists of his time. Whether his literary service and experiences have been of value to Dr. Mitchell in his medical practice, we are not able to say; but it is certainly true that his experiences as a surgeon on the battle-fields and in the hospitals of the Civil War furnished him with the warp, if not also with the woof, from which he has woven some of his finest poems and most delightful romances. One of his first and best short stories, "The Case of George Dedlow," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* about 1868, revolved around the question whether the

loss of a person's limbs involves the loss of the victim's individuality. The hero of the story, George Dedlow, had been deprived of both arms and legs. There was such an air of verisimilitude about this story that the reading public was led to believe for some time that it was a relation of actual fact, and not pure fiction.

NO BIOGRAPHY of the late Pope Leo, among the many announced for publication, will be certain to be

F. MARION CRAWFORD, WHO IS PREPARING A BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE POPE LEO XIII.—*Saroy*.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

By La Salle A. Maynard



written in as entertaining a style, or with so much sympathetic feeling, as the work in preparation by the novelist, F. Marion Crawford. The volume will appear early next year, not only in English and American editions but at the same time in editions in continental tongues. It seems that the Pope, in 1897, gave Count Soderini a great quantity of documents to be used in his biography, and dictated much personal

still, the aroma still lingering about it that rightfully belongs to this sweet tale of village life in the old Pennsylvanian town. The character of Sandy, the outlaw, how strongly that appealed to the boyish imagination, offset as it was by the characters of other men and women of simple, homely lives, yet lives that were strong and true! Taylor was a man of rare genius, and wonderfully versatile. His reputation as a writer rests chiefly upon his sketches of travel, but he wrote poems that the world will not soon forget, and this one novel which fairly ranks with the best fiction that any American author has produced.



DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

matter for the same purpose. Mr. Crawford has written his book with the collaboration of Count Soderini, and with the use of all the documents which the Pope gave to the latter. The book will be published by the Macmillan Company.

TIS an interesting circumstance that Robert Neilson Stephens, whose latest novel, "The Mystery of Murray Davenport," has met with such a marked degree of popular favor, is, like Richard Harding Davis, Jacob Riis, E. W. Townsend, and numerous other of our younger American writers, a graduate from the school of practical journalism, his particular school being the Philadelphia *Press*—a journal, by the way, that seems to have fostered at one time and another an unusual number of budding geniuses, R. H. Davis himself being one of these buds that have since blossomed. Not less than five members of the present staff of the *Press*, to our knowledge, have achieved more or less distinction in literature. Stephens abandoned the reportorial field in the first instance for playwriting, and achieved his first success here in "An Enemy to the King," which had a run of popularity in 1896, under the direction of E. H. Sothern. A Boston publisher was so much impressed with this play when it came to that city that he induced Mr. Stephens to reverse the usual process and turn the play into a novel, which he did with such gratifying results that he has devoted himself entirely to fiction ever since. Mr. Stephens has spent much of his time abroad during the past three or four years, chiefly in Italy and Sicily.

HAPPY MEMORIES of the delights of a book-loving boyhood are awakened by the appearance of a new edition from the Putnams of Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett." It so happened that this novel of Taylor's was one of ten or twelve books that formed the total of the literary treasures to which the writer had recourse during an early period of his life, when the reading passion was so strong and insistent that even Young's "Night Thoughts" and Pollok's "Course of Time," which were included in the same "library," were eagerly devoured. As the only work of fiction in this little world of books, Taylor's "Story of Kennett" was a well of pure delight, the story being read and re-read until its characters and scenery became almost as familiar and as beloved as anything in the real life of boyhood could be. And as we turn to the story now again in these later years we find the old charm there



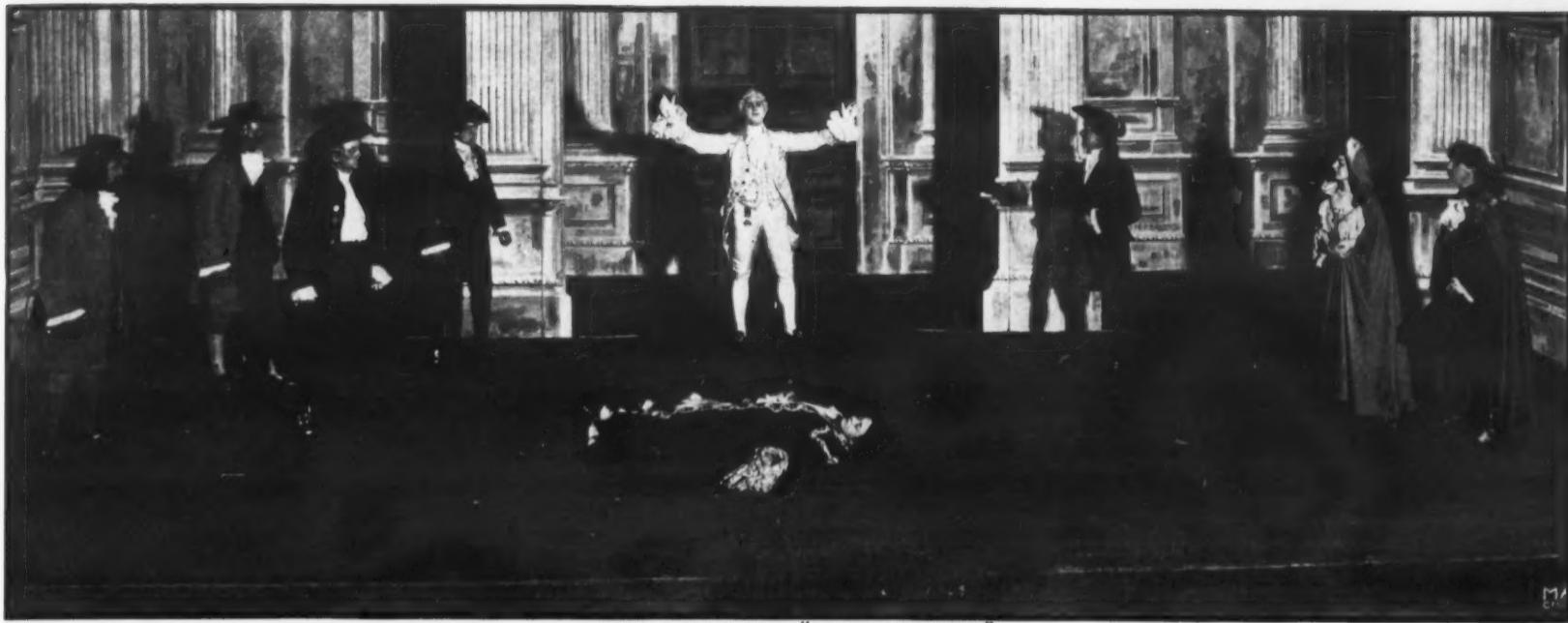
AN OLD HOME AT KENNETT SQUARE, THE SCENE OF BAYARD TAYLOR'S FAMOUS NOVEL.

IN READING the recent volume of Channing's "Discourses on War," published for the International Union by Ginn & Company, of Boston, one can hardly fail to be impressed anew with the remarkable literary style as well as with the passionate earnestness, the cogent reasoning, and the noble sweep of thought which characterize all of the writings of this man, one of the greatest, most fearless, and mightiest in influence among the reformers and preachers of righteousness in modern times. Hardly a page of this volume might not be cited as an example to the student of literary composition of exquisite grace, beauty, and clearness of expression, and that, too, of the simplest and most unstudied kind. When to these qualities of style are found united an equal beauty of thought, a love of truth that burns unceasingly like a vestal flame, and a gift of foresight, a clearness and breadth of vision such as few men of any land or age have possessed, the result is a literary product that takes hold of the mind and heart of the reader with almost irresistible power. Channing, like every other advanced and fearless thinker, was misunderstood, hated, and condemned by the vast majority of his countrymen in his own day, only to be loved and revered at a later time, as Channing is now, as a great leader and teacher. He is still far in advance of the time in his views regarding peace and war, but that all thinking men will yet come to his position on this subject, as they have already accepted most of his religious teachings once regarded as heretical and pernicious, is absolutely certain. It seems almost inconceivable that any open-minded man can read these "Discourses on War" and not be persuaded of the justice, unquestioned sanity, and absolute righteousness of the views therein advanced. Surely the cause of peace and goodwill among men and the principles of just, honorable, and fair dealing between nations have never found a more eloquent, powerful, and persuasive voice than they found in William Ellery Channing. Would that we had ten thousand preachers like him in the pulpits of America to-day!

A VOLUME on "The Cathedrals of Northern France" is announced for early publication by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. The text is by Francis Miltoun. Illustrations in pen-and-ink wash and monotone are contributed by Miss Blanche McManus. Miss McManus is now living in London, but spends much of her time on the continent, where these sketches were made. This volume is the first of a series which is projected to include the cathedrals of southern France, Spain, Portugal, the Rhine, and Italy.

THE PROSPECTIVE and easy settlement of what has been believed by many to be an insoluble and never-ending problem, namely, the Irish question, will impart a degree of special timeliness and value to the Hon. Justin McCarthy's little volume on "Ireland and Her Story" (Funk & Wagnalls Company). In a brief narrative the author gives a vivid and sufficiently comprehensive account of the Irish people and their struggle for liberty through the centuries. He is sympathetic and impartial. Whether because of the limitations of his space or his desire to avoid awakening controversy, Mr. McCarthy passes the celebrated figures of his story very swiftly in review, drawing them only in outline. But Mr. McCarthy is a master in graphic and picturesque narrative, and never undertakes any literary task that he does not carry out with skill, thoroughness, and unquestioned grace and power.

JUSTIN McCARTHY, WHO HAS RECENTLY WRITTEN A BOOK ON THE IRISH QUESTION.—*Elliott & Fry*.



SCENE 1 IN ACT IV. OF "HEARTS COURAGEOUS,"

The dramatization of the historical novel, at the Broadway.—Orrin Johnson, the star, in the centre.—*Mars*.

MAXINE ELLIOTT

In the new Clyde Fitch play, "Her Own Way," at the Garrick.
Marceau.HENRY WOODRUFF,
Who has made a personal success as
Ben-Hur, at the New York.
McIntosh.ANNA LAUGHLIN
As winsome Dorothy in the perennial
"Wizard of Oz," at the Majestic.
Marceau.

JENNIE YEAMANS,

Whose eccentric character, *Boozie Susie*, is one of the hits of
"Under Cover," at the Murray Hill.—*Chickering.*AMUSING DINNER SCENE IN ACT II. OF "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S," IN WHICH CHARLES HAWTREY IS APPEARING AT THE CRITERION.—*Hall.*

FALL DRAMATIC SEASON WELL UNDER WAY.

SUCCESSFUL PLAYS AND HARD-WORKING PLAYERS THAT ARE AT PRESENT ENTERTAINING THE NEW YORK PUBLIC.

In the World of Sports



M ECHANISM OF AUTOMOBILES. — Somewhat peculiar conditions exist at the present time with reference to the means for conveying information about automobiles to those who are

interested, but have no time or inclination to make a serious study of the subject. The difficulties are commonly underrated, probably because most people mentally associate automobiles with bicycles, and remember how easily a sufficient practical knowledge of bicycles was acquired during the period of their introduction. But bicycles never required to be understood mechanically in order to be used successfully. In fact, the less the average cyclist imagined that he had grasped the mechanical construction of his mount, the less apt he was to tinker with it, and the better he got along. With automobiles the case is much more complicated. The automobilist must understand the mechanism to some extent in order either to operate the machine or take care of it with any degree of success; and, what is most important, imaginary knowledge cannot take the place of real comprehension without a radical curtailment of the pleasures and the utility to be derived from the machine. Popular appreciation of what is good and what is bad in automobiles, as well as high skill in driving and caretaking, cannot, under existing difficulties, be expected as early as in the case of the bicycle; neither can the price reduction which follows the adoption of routine methods of manufacture be expected to materialize by leaps and bounds, although it is true that there always remains a possibility of building automobiles at comparatively low cost by arresting progress and concentrating productive work on some makeshift type of vehicle, and making the public accept it, with its acknowledged or concealed shortcomings, as full value for the money asked for it. This has, in fact, already been successfully attempted, and may be considered as rather a clever method of meeting the public's expectations half-way.

DIFFICULTIES OF AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE. — Much of the difficulty which automobilists experience in obtaining insurance on their vehicles is due to the conflicting insurance laws of the various States. If a "floater" policy is desired, which will cover the machine while touring as well as when in storage, it is necessary for the policy to make the rounds of a number of State agents, who by law are compelled to report the issuance of the policy to the insurance commissioners of their several

BRUCE CARTWRIGHT, A 220-POUND HAWAIIAN, AND FAVORITE CANDIDATE FOR RIGHT GUARD IN YALE FOOT-BALL TEAM.—*Sedgwick*.

rate for a floater policy is usually from three and a half to five per cent. on the amount of the policy, and a policy is seldom issued for more than one-third the value of the machine. These policies provide that the companies shall be responsible for loss or damage wherever the vehicles may be within a certain territory, generally the Eastern States. For an ordinary



J. S. MITCHELL, N. Y. A. C., WINNER OF THE HAMMER AND FIFTY-SIX-POUND WEIGHT-THROWING CONTESTS AT THE A. A. U. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP MEET HELD RECENTLY AT MILWAUKEE.—*Pictorial News Company*.

States for the purpose of taxation thereon. This adds to the cost of the policy, and is one reason why insurance agents do not seek automobile insurance. The

policy the rate is from two and a half to five per cent., or about half the total valuation of the machine, according to the tariff on the building where it is kept. On account of the high rates and the fact that insurance for the full value cannot be obtained, most automobiles are not insured.

A NOVEL ATHLETIC PERFORMANCE. — An athletic performance took place recently in Philadelphia in which an athlete swam a mile, walked a mile, and ran

a mile in considerably less than an hour. This feat, while not calculated to become very popular, is novel and sufficiently meritorious to be included in the all-around athletic championship. A man who can swim a mile in 32:47, walk a mile in 16:18, and run a mile in 6:53 in successive periods, not taking out time for change of costumes, is well fitted for many enduring things if called on in an emergency. It shows what can be done by a person in good health without any serious effects. The man who accomplished this feat showed no lack of athletic judgment when he reasoned thus: "I think it would have been a bad plan to take the run or walk before swimming. I figured that if I had walked a mile fast, then ran a mile, I would have been more or less overheated and perspiring freely, while my heart action would have been quick, and to plunge into cold water in that condition there is no telling what might happen. As it was, after the swim the other exercises increased the circulation, brought on free perspiration, and at the finish I felt in splendid shape."

LOU DILLON'S CLAIM TO DISTINCTION. — Whatever discussion was rife as to the capabilities of the modern trotting horse compared with the old-time champions, Maud S. in particular, must now be silenced in view of the

great performances of that sterling little mare, Lou Dillon, breaker of Cresceus's great record of 2:02½, maker of the two-minute mark, and supplanter of the eighteen-year-old figure, 2:08½, which Maud S. made to high-wheeled sulky, and which has been attempted by other harness prodigies, but without success. The sulky Lou Dillon drew weighed fifty-two pounds, eight pounds more than that drawn by Maud S. when she established her record. The present queen's vehicle was not ball-bearing, but of the old axle type, and several years old. This great performance of Lou Dillon to old-style sulky in 2:05 was made on the same track on which Maud S. went the mile in 2:08½.

H. P. BURCHELL.



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. RAFFERTY (IN CENTRE), OF YALE FOOTBALL TEAM, COACHING STUBBS AND BLOOMER, PROMINENT TACKLE CANDIDATES.—*Sedgwick*.

RALPH PARSONS KINNEY, YALE'S GIANT TACKLE OF LAST YEAR'S FOOTBALL TEAM, NOW BEING TRIED FOR GUARD.—*Sedgwick*.



UNITED STATES GOLF ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT, ON EKWANKOK COUNTRY CLUB LINKS, MANCHESTER, VT., PARTICIPATED IN BY OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE TEAM AND AMERICAN PLAYERS—JOHN L. LOW, CAPTAIN OF ENGLISH TEAM, DRIVING FROM FIRST TEE.—*Photograph by Smith*.



DEVASTATION ON THE SHORE OF LAKE WORTH—BOATS DRIVEN UP ON LAND AND SMASHED, AND WOODEN PIERS SHATTERED.



METHODIST CHURCH CAUGHT IN THE WHIRL OF THE TERRIFIC GALE AND PRACTICALLY DESTROYED.

RAVAGES OF THE RECENT CYCLONE IN FLORIDA.

EVIDENCES AT PALM BEACH OF THE FURY OF THE STORM WHICH SWEPT THROUGH THE STATE, DESTROYING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF PROPERTY AND CAUSING A LOSS OF MORE THAN TWENTY LIVES.—*Photographs by Albert Kaufmann.*

• JASPER'S HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS •

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

THE COLLAPSE of the boom in Wall Street has been signalized by the complete disappearance and the utter rout of the underwriting syndicates, made up of big financial interests, including banks, trust and insurance companies, all of which made a mint of money while the Wall Street boom was at its height. It was the custom of big financiers in announcing the exploitation of a new enterprise, especially of an industrial character, to state that a syndicate had been formed to "underwrite" any part of the proposition that the public did not care to take up. Mr. J. P. Morgan was a leader in this sort of financing, and made it very profitable to himself, and particularly to his associates in the Steel Trust. But he played it once too often, and he stayed in the game a little too long. He is not alone in his discomfiture, because some of the brainiest and brightest, not to say the wealthiest, of his associates in Wall Street circles are in the same boat with him.

A more colossal and impudent financial scheme than the United States Steel Trust was never put forth in this or any other country. With a billion of capital and \$300,000,000 of bonds, and a \$250,000,000 syndicate behind it, it sprang into existence. All the paid financial writers, all the news dispatches at Mr. Morgan's service, boomed the Steel-trust shares. Every man who went into the original enterprise with a few shares in Mr. Carnegie's concern came out a millionaire, and, in a day, a new flock of wealthy men rose in the smoky city of Pittsburg, washed their grimy hands, put on boiled shirts, and made for the city of New York, and for Wall Street. They were born in Pittsburg, but they knew enough to take advantage of the New York appetite for speculation and to feed their bundles of Steel common and preferred to the eager public, which followed in the trail of J. P. Morgan.

Not satisfied with the first rake-off, the Morgan syndicate planned another. They sought a clean profit of \$10,000,000 through an exchange of preferred shares for bonds. Then the boom broke, the public began to appreciate the situation, careful investors slid out of their Steel-trust possessions, and Mr. Morgan's syndicate found itself obligated to do what could only be done at a loss. But Mr. Morgan is resourceful. The syndicate's contract expired on the first of October. It was extended by the Steel Trust—which means Mr. Morgan—until July 1st of next year—nine months. None of the other stockholders knew about this extension. Mr. Morgan evidently thought it was none of their busi-

ness, but it may be some of their business at the next annual meeting; and if they have the courage and enterprise which the stockholders of the American Ice Company and of some other corporations have shown at their annual meetings they will take the management of the concern into their own hands, in part at least, when next they are called together. I imagine that they will not be as ready to send in their proxies to Mr. Morgan as they were a year ago.

Six months and more ago I advised against the purchase of the Steel-trust shares, and I was reminded, again and again, that the steel and iron business of this country was so prosperous that factories were unable to fill their orders. I pointed out that there were many evidences that we had witnessed the height of our business boom and that, regardless of the report that the Steel Trust had more orders on its books than it could handle during a year, there was every possibility that the situation might change quite as suddenly as it had before. Since I made my first observations on this subject the price of Steel common has fallen to about a half of its former figures, and the question I raised regarding the continuance of dividends is being seriously considered by the trust officials themselves.

What is the situation of the Steel Trust? We are told that the net earnings for the third quarter of this year, ending on the first of October, may show a decrease of \$2,000,000 or more, traceable not only to the closing of many of the

plants, "some for repairs and a few for lack of orders," but we are also told of the decrease in unfilled orders on the books in nearly every department of the concern, due to general curtailment in railroad expenditures and in building operations. Telegrams report that the Steel Trust has laid off 5,000 men in its Michigan iron mines, and that its docks are piled high with unsold ore. Is it a wonder that Mr. Morgan declines to discuss the question of a continuance of dividends on Steel common?

I say all this, despite the fact that the Steel Trust is able, as the Springfield Republican has recently shown, to maintain prices of its commodities on a profitable high plane. A well-known iron-master tells me that because of this advantage the Steel Trust can earn and pay dividends on its common, even in dull times. But against this stands the fact that the strike in the building trades and the increased wages in the railway world have both led to a general reduction in orders for new work in the two departments of business which contribute perhaps the largest orders that the Steel Trust receives. Furthermore, if it once enters the minds of the American people that the Steel Trust is maintaining prices on a fictitious basis, the demand for the removal of the protective duties on the products of the trust will be so strong and emphatic that it will be irresistible. If the syndicate organized to sustain the bond-conversion scheme had expired on the first of October, and if the securities to which the members of the syndicate were

entitled had been distributed among them at that date, as in the case of the United States Realty and Construction Company's syndicate, a still greater quantity of Steel-trust shares would have been thrown upon the market and the depreciation would have been greater.

"S. S.," North Homestead, Penn.: Four dollars received, and you are continued on my preferred list for one year.

"Laona," Fredonia, N. Y.: 1. Yes, considering the tremendous fall it has had, and the general belief that a favorable report will shortly be made. Some think the shares are being depressed so that they can be picked up before the report comes out. 2. If I had a profit on my American Locomotive preferred I would be inclined to take it and put the money away for investment in one of the most stable stocks or bonds I could find later on, in case of a general break. 3. Manhattan Elevated appears to be in demand whenever it approaches 130, and Missouri Pacific around 90.

"Banker," Martin's Ferry, O.: The number on your wrapper indicates the number of your paper, which always appears at the head of the first page, on the date line. Your subscription will expire with the number on the wrapper. 1. If we have any such depression as the country suffered in 1893 I do not believe Atchison common two years hence will be paying dividends. 2. St. Paul is regarded as too much of an investment security to justify short sales, even in such a market. Atchison common has been so generally sold short that there has been danger of too much company on that side.

"A.," Hagerstown, Md.: 1. All the New York traction companies owe enormous sums for arrearages of taxes. The Metropolitan is in the worst shape, the Manhattan next, and even Brooklyn Rapid Transit has nearly \$2,000,000 charged up against it. Much of this is for the new franchise tax. The uniform decision of the courts in this matter has been against the railroads, but the case has been carried to the United States Supreme Court, probably in the hope of securing delay. 2. M. K. and T. shows a surplus for the past fiscal year equivalent to about 8 per cent. on the preferred. Gross earnings increased by about \$800,000, and net by only \$240,000. The rapid development of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory is ultimately bound to help this road. I would not sacrifice my stock if I could hold it.

"B.," Union Hill, N.J.: Continued on preferred list for three months. 1. Ice common around 6 or 7 looks like the cheapest of the low-priced industrials, in view of the fact that only a little more than a year ago it was paying 4 per cent. dividends, and, even after dividends ceased, sold as high as 30. 2. The safer purchase of course would be the preferred, though you would get much less of it. From the speculative standpoint, the common would roll up a bigger profit on an advance. 3. Many speculators regard the prices of such stocks as Texas Pacific, M. K. and T. preferred, and Ontario and Western as quite low. It is impossible to tell how far the liquidation will continue. Large holders of some of these securities have been obliged to sacrifice them to protect other interests. Whether this liquidation is now complete or not may be questioned. Some authorities insist that it is.

"M. M. M." Vermont: Kansas City Southern preferred, according to its showing, is able to pay reasonable dividends. I have no doubt that but for the depression in the market, the road would have been taken in at a good figure before this by one of the leading Western lines. With that end in view and because of its large earning power, it was freely bought by prominent Western financial leaders. I understand the recent pressure in the market has compelled them to unload many of their holdings, including much Kansas City Southern preferred and common. Until the liquidation is over, I do not believe there is much hope of a rise in this stock, and the chances in such a market are rather in favor of lower than higher prices. It is unfortunate that you had not purchased the bonds instead of the stock, for they would have paid their interest charges and carried themselves handsomely.

"Cheap," Chester, Penn.: 1. Several industrial common shares, in the opinion of sharp speculators, are getting down to a point where they can be picked up, with chance of a handsome profit in case of a revival in speculation. We have a lot of industrials that have sold much higher and are now down apparently to bottom prices, including U. S. Leather common around 8, though last year it ranged from 10 to 15; Union Bag and Paper, which ranged last year from 11 to 18, and recently sold as low as 5, and American Ice common, which formerly paid 4 per cent. dividends regularly, and which ranged last year from 9 to 30, and has recently been selling at from 6 to 7. The fact that a little money will buy a good deal of these cheap shares makes them tempting to those who like the lottery of Wall Street. Of course they are not investments. 2. Brooklyn Rapid Transit last year showed little more than 1 per cent. earned on the stock. It is a scattered, expensive, incoherent system, with possibilities in the future, but just now far off.

Continued on following page.



ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK, ENTRY PLACE OF HOSTS OF IMMIGRANTS, VISITED BY THE PRESIDENT.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE, COMING ASHORE DURING A FIERCE GALE TO INVESTIGATE METHODS AT THE IMMIGRATION STATION, GREETES AN ACQUAINTANCE.—LEFT TO RIGHT: COMMISSIONER-GENERAL OF IMMIGRATION SARGENT, SECRETARY LOEB, THE PRESIDENT, COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS.—G. J. Hare, Jr.

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52 Broadway,



Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"S. S." New York: The annual statement of Chesapeake and Ohio did not fulfill all the expectations of those who have been boozing the shares. The increased expenses were very noticeable. This is largely a coal road, and depression in manufacturing industries must seriously affect its earnings, though the fact that Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt interests are said to control is regarded favorably by investors.

"S. S. S." Massachusetts: 1. Nothing has been done with Bay State Gas except to involve it in greater litigation. 2. The glass stock is not known on Wall Street. 3. American Sugar is one of the close corporations regarding which the public is never frankly informed. Inside speculators take advantage of their knowledge to buy and sell. How much it is earning, and whether it can continue to pay dividends at the present rate, I cannot say.

R. Richmond, Va.: 1. The Denver and Rio

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proposed to issue \$250,000,000 per cent. bonds for the retirement of \$200,000,000 7 per cent. preferred stock, and for the purpose of raising \$50,000,000 working capital. The stockholders were offered the privilege of exchanging pro rata, at par, preferred stock for the new bonds, and to subscribe in cash at par for the \$50,000,000 set aside to increase the working capital. To make the thing go, or at least to make the public believe that it would go, it was announced that an underwriting syndicate had been arranged for by Morgan & Co., and that it was to take \$100,000,000 of the bonds if the stockholders did not want them, and that it would pay for these bonds with \$80,000,000 preferred stock and \$20,000,000 cash, or at the same rate as stockholders would be obliged to pay; but there was this important difference: the syndicate was to receive a commission of 4 per cent. on the entire issue of bonds, whether taken by its members or by the other stockholders. If the trust had offered this commission to the stockholders it could have gotten along with the scheme a good deal better, but the inside syndicate, which has been milking the trust ever since Morgan organized it, wanted one more chance at the teat. It turned out that the stockholders hesitated to make the exchange of a 7 per cent. stock for a 5 per cent. bond, and the underwriting syndicate, which had an idea that it would not have to put up much money but would simply get the benefit of the 4 per cent. commission on the bond issue (which would have meant a gift of \$10,000,000 to divide among the members), has been obliged to step in, put up its cash, and carry out its contract. As both the preferred stock and bonds have seriously declined the syndicate finds itself in an embarrassing situation and facing a loss instead of a profit of \$10,000,000. This will wipe out a small part of the profit that the original syndicate made, but the rest of the stockholders will shed no tears over that fact. Nothing has tended more to discredit Mr. Morgan's influence and prestige on both sides of the Atlantic than the way in which he has exploited his magnificent and misleading steel and iron combination. 2. Excellent authority states that the American Ice Company, which reported a deficit of nearly \$200,000 at the close of last year, will be able to report at the close of this year not only a profit, but a profit large enough to almost completely wipe out a floating debt at the beginning of the year of over \$1,000,000. If this can be done in such a cold summer as we have just experienced it looks as if the resumption of dividends on ice preferred might be expected within another year. The delay in the report of the stockholders' committee, I am also told, has been due in part to the difficulty this committee has found in obtaining free and full access to the company's books, a difficulty which it is thought will be speedily overcome.

Continued on following page.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

EVERY ONE who is tempted to join one of the many fraternal associations because they apparently offer insurance at a cheaper rate than the standard life companies, should bear in mind one vital and important fact, viz., that the annual cost of insurance in fraternal societies inevitably increases as the years go on and the member grows older, while exactly the reverse happens with the policy-holder in the regular life companies. In the latter case the premium either remains the same throughout the term of the policy or is diminished year by year according to the scale of dividends agreed upon by the contracting parties. The point is of the utmost value and importance to every one who contemplates life insurance. The assessment plans offered by the fraternal orders may seem cheap and easy at the start, but like every other business proposition these must be judged in their entirety, both in their present and initial cost and requirements, and in what they promise and involve in the future. Gauged by this standard, their cheapness and desirability as against the policies offered by the regular life companies vanish into thin air. It is poor economy to invest money in any project where the risks and uncertainties equal, if they do not counterbalance, all the chances of success, and this is precisely the case with

Which is the more valuable, your life, or your goods and chattels? The latter you are sure to insure; that which gains them, your life—well, you didn't think of it that way.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
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all the assessment insurance plans of which we have any knowledge. Let them alone, is our advice.

"E. R. W." San Francisco: The dissolution of the United States Realty syndicate cannot possibly affect the stability of the two great insurance companies to which you refer. Their participation in it was to a very limited extent.

"Harry," Davenport, Ia.: 1. A 20-year endowment at your age would seem to be the best and the cheapest. 2. Don't waste time or money on speculative insurance propositions from new companies which promise impossible things. You will get the greatest satisfaction by taking a policy in one of the old and well-established companies.

"H.," Lake City, Minn.: Your experience with the American Legion of Honor is precisely what you might have expected. It is similar to that to which the members of all other fraternal assessment associations have had to submit. The older the member the greater the risk, hence the desire of fraternal associations to get rid of older members as rapidly as possible. The easiest way to crowd them out is by increasing their assessments. If you are insurable elsewhere, the safest thing for you to do, if you are in good health and with a good expectation of life, is to drop the assessment concern and take out a policy in the strongest company you can find.

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Owing to the heavy demand for the certificates of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, the first allotment offered by us for public subscription at Four Dollars has been exhausted. We are now offering a second allotment for which applications will be accepted in blocks of twenty or multiples thereof, at par.

This gives those who lost the opportunity to purchase Marconi stock heretofore at Four Dollars a share to secure same now at **FIVE DOLLARS.** Improve the opportunity **at once**, as Marconi Securities are advancing.

If you desire further information before buying, we would suggest that you write to **MUNROE & MUNROE, Dept. 19, Broad Exchange Building, New York;** Gaff Building, Chicago; Canada Life Building, Montreal; 19 Congress Street, Boston, who are the Managers of the Marconi Underwriting Syndicate. They can furnish you with copies of "The Marconigram," which gives the latest news in regard to the Marconi Securities; or you can get the Company's official publications, in book form, through them. They send them out gratis.

Special Prizes for Amateur Photographs.

ATTENTION is called to three special pictorial contests in which our readers may engage. A prize of \$10 will be given for the best photograph illustrating a horse show received at this office by October 25th; a prize of \$10 for the most attractive Thanksgiving Day picture furnished us by November 1st, and a prize of \$10 for the picture, sent in not later than November 25th, which represents with greatest success the spirit of Christmas time. These contests are attractive and should call out many competitors.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter post-

age is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Matt-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"G. F. P., New York: Continued for one year.
"H., Albany, N. Y.: Preferred for six months.
"W., Cleburne, Tex.: I do not answer inquiries regarding life-insurance.

"B., Cincinnati: Two dollars received. Preferred for six months. Change noticed.

"T., Kenton, O.: Will make inquiries regarding the reliability of the savings banks and trust companies you mention.

"R., Shiremanstown, Penn.: 1. Marsden is enormously over-capitalized, is thus far purely a speculation, and is a good way from a safe investment. 2. I see nothing in Dakota Calumet to recommend for investment.

"J., Dimond, Cal.: I presume you mean the San Antonio and Aransas, not "Arizona." Pass 4s. The guarantee of the Southern Pacific ought to be good. If it is good, these 4 per cents are cheap around 70. The difficulty with the Texas authorities over the over-issue of these bonds was compromised, at least so it was announced.

"B., Dorchester, Mass.: One dollar received. Preferred for three months. 1. Con. Mercur was for a long time a dividend-payer and a profitable property. There is always uncertainty about such properties, however, and they must mainly have a speculative quality. For permanent investment in such times a good railroad bond would be much better. You could always obtain your money if needed it in an emergency.

"W. M., Albany: 1. The bonds of the Virginia and Southwestern Railroad are indorsed, principal and interest, by the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company. The net earnings last year were not very much above the interest requirements. It is a coal property, and in time of depression, especially in the iron business, must suffer severely. 2. Erie common and Wisconsin Central common, in case of a serious slump. Both have good speculative possibilities.

"N., Seattle, Wash.: 1. The police have recently made a raid on the officers of the C. E. Rand Company, which used the names of such prominent persons as August Belmont, James R. Keene, and William C. Whitney in its prospectus. This is a very cheap trick nowadays. 2. The closing of all the business enterprises of the Con. Lake Superior, except its street railways, ferry, and lighting systems, signifies the desperate condition of the concern. It looks as if there would be little left out of the wreck for the stockholders. They should at least combine and have the satisfaction of putting some of the wreckers in jail.

"F., Watertown, N. Y.: While Colorado Fuel and Iron is a good earner, it is far from being on a dividend-paying basis, because of its necessities for improvements and extensions. The Rockefeller-Gould railroad interests are receiving an enormous tonnage from this great iron concern, and they are more interested in the success of their railroad properties than in that of Colorado Fuel, hence they will probably be in no great haste to declare dividends on the latter. It is not impossible that they will prefer to divert the earnings as far as they can toward the payment of freight on their railways. For this reason, I am not advising the purchase of the iron shares at present.

"M., Dayton, O.: Preferred for six months. The low-priced stocks you mention, like Texas Pacific, Wisconsin Central, Erie, and Corn Products common, all have good prospects if bought at the lowest ebb. When that ebb shall have been reached no living man can tell. The safest stocks to buy are those which have had the heaviest declines, which are known to have merit, and which, on occasions, become speculatively very active. For this reason many have bought Leather common of late, hoping that some day there will be another burst of speed

on its part that will send it back again to the high figure of 40, which it reached when last exploited. Ice common, now about 6, last year sold as high as 31.

Continued on following page.

CIGAR RIBBONS

*Make Possible Some Exclusive and Attractive Creations in
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*Enterprising Woman Has Remarkable Collection Which
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This collection of cigar ribbons is unquestionably without equal in the world; it represents over one thousand different varieties and includes nearly every conceivable color and shade. Each ribbon is all silk, and to every woman who aspires to distinction in the way of exclusive home adornments this collection represents an opportunity of a lifetime. Consider how many useful articles can be made from these ribbons: table covers, picture throws, mantel scarfs, kimonos, sofa pillows, portières, and many exclusive articles for den decoration. Send 25 cents for sample set of ribbons and helpful information about their making up. Helen Roycroft Co., 45 Pond Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Tour to the Pacific Coast.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT MEETING NATIONAL BANKERS' ASSOCIATION.

On account of the meeting of the National Bankers' Association, to be held at San Francisco, Calif., October 20th to 23d, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offers a personally-conducted tour to the Pacific Coast at remarkably low rates.

This tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, Wednesday, October 14th, by special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment. A quick run westward to San Francisco will be made, via Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, and Ogden.

Five days will be devoted to San Francisco, allowing ample opportunity to visit the near-by coast resorts. Returning, stops will be made at Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, and St. Louis. The party will reach New York on the evening of October 31st.

Round-trip rate, covering all expenses for eighteen days, except five days spent in San Francisco, \$190. Rates from Pittsburg will be \$5.00 less.

For full information apply to Ticket Agents, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Penn.

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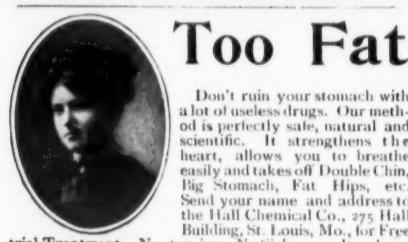
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Pushing on the Pan-American Railway

EX-SENATOR HENRY G. DAVIS, who has done so much to promote the idea of the Pan-American railway, must be gratified to know how well the project is being supported by the various South American governments, and also the progress that is being made in building the links which ultimately will make possible the journey from New York to Buenos Ayres by rail. Attention has been newly

directed to the subject by the arrival some time ago in the Argentine Republic of Mr. Charles M. Pepper, the United States railway commissioner, who was appointed by President Roosevelt to visit the different countries and report the result of his observations. Commissioner Pepper left Washington in April. Before reaching Buenos Ayres he had visited Peru, Chili, and Brazil, and conferred with the responsible officials of the various governments. Everywhere he found a reawakened interest in the project, and a willingness to co-operate.

The idea is that each country within its own borders shall follow a policy of encouraging the building of a trunk line which will be part of a main intercontinental system north and south, following the general trend of the Andes. Branches and feeders are also an important element in a broad conception of this kind, and for this reason Brazil and the countries similarly situated are as much interested as those lying along the Pacific coast. Brazil in particular has its plan well matured. The improved political relations among the different South American countries have been

favorable to Commissioner Pepper's mission. The Argentine Republic, Chili, and Brazil all have been celebrating festivals of peace and concord, and their good feeling in itself is an incentive to strengthening their relations by enlarging the facilities of intercommunication. This is a justification of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's expressed conviction that the Pan-American railway will be the guarantee of peace on the American continent. But there is also commerce to sustain it. Ex-Senator Davis takes the practical view that railroads are built for the traffic they develop, and that there is traffic enough capable of development to make railway communication between the United States and the most distant countries of South America a commercially feasible project.

Commissioner Pepper arrived in Argentina at a time when the existing railways, which are chiefly owned in London, were being amalgamated, and also when a marked impetus had been given to further railway business. He was given a special audience by President Roca, to whom he was presented by Mr. Ames, the acting minister of the United States. The Argentine government has a progressive railway policy, and Commissioner Pepper was afforded practical evidence of its sympathy with the Pan-American idea, for it is pushing the extension of its system to the borders of the neighboring republic of Bolivia. When the international survey was made a few years ago it stopped at the northern limits of Argentina, because that country had made its own survey from Jujuy, the terminus of the present lines, to Bolivia. Now the actual construction is to be pushed. The importance of this lies in the fact that when the Argentine system reaches the boundary the stimulus will be felt in Bolivia, and the construction continued until La Paz and Buenos Ayres are joined by rail. The plans for the complete system are well advanced.

Commissioner Pepper went from Argentina overland through Bolivia along the proposed Pan-American route to Peru, intending to remain for some time in the latter country, which has taken a long stride forward in its railway projects.

The closing of the steel-rail mill of the Con. Lake Superior Company for the rest of the winter. 3. General Manager Swank, of the American Iron and Steel Association, now publicly admits that the boom in the iron trade, which began in 1899 has ended. He still believes, however, that fairly prosperous conditions may continue in the iron trade. I hope so, too.

"M.," Schenectady: 1. The weakness in B. R. T. and in Metropolitan Traction is the natural result of over-speculation in shares that have been largely controlled by speculative pools. I never could see how B. R. T. was worth the high prices at which it has been selling, in view of the fact that it never has earned or paid a dividend. The franchise is valuable, but a large amount of money is needed to put the road in condition to handle its enormous traffic. It is said that new interests are about to be invited to put up this money on some sort of a plan that will be comprehensive enough to safeguard the property. Considering its high price in the past, B. R. T. has looked cheap recently, but only insiders can tell when it is a purchase. 2. I do not regard Metropolitan Traction with favor above all.

"R.," Burlington, Vt.: 1. I doubt the truth of rumors concerning the absorption of B. R. T. by Standard Oil interests, or the probability that B. R. T. will be taken into a local traction combination on very favorable terms. Standard Oil interests are not looking for more trouble, and new combinations are not profitable at this juncture. It is more probable that B. R. T. is now getting down to its real selling value. The disclosure that it does not own its magnificent new power-house, but that this and a large number of its new cars belong to the Transit Development Company, is very suggestive. 2. Southern Railway showed an increase of about a half million in net earnings during the last fiscal year. The growth of this property is the result of the splendid prosperity of the South. The shares look high enough on the basis of present earnings.

Continued on following page.

In many cases of Asthma Piso's Cure for Consumption gives relief that is almost equal to a cure.

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"Mrs. Nibbleton is a great temperance woman, isn't she?"

"Yes. She hardly speaks to me since I gave her a recipe for cake, in which one of the directions was to take a wineglassful of milk."

Don't be cross, cheer up on a cold bottle of Champagne, and let it be Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.

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You can go to California via the most interesting route, in perfect comfort and safety, all the way in charge of trained official of our company. If you will join one of our personally conducted parties which leave every week from Boston, Chicago and St. Louis. Drop me a postal and I will send you complete information about these parties.

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Your doctor will tell you to drink Schlitz Beer, rather than common beer; and it costs you no more than the common.



DR. R. MARAGE OPERATING HIS CURIOUS TALKING-MACHINE.—*The Sketch*.

A Wonderful Machine Which Talks

CONSIDERABLE INTEREST is being evinced in Paris in a talking-machine invented by Dr. R. Marage, a leading member of the French Academy of Medicine. The contrivance reproduces accurately the sounds of the human voice by a mechanical process, a system of vibration, without a word being spoken by a human being. Five plaster heads representing the vowels a, e, i, o, u, are attached to the device, and each has in it a perfect model of a person's mouth, with teeth and pliable lips. Sirens are fitted to these dummy mouths and air currents are driven through the latter by the machine, thus producing the voice sounds. By an ingenious arrangement, also a part of the machine, the vocal cords of a singer may be seen reflected in a mirror, and their action may be traced. It is found that as the note gets higher the opening between the cords becomes smaller and it is almost closed when the top note is reached. The size of the aperture decreases as the force of the

air current increases, and increases as the current weakens. Dr. Marage has discovered that steam sirens on ships can be so constructed as to utter phonetic syllables which could be used as an international alphabet.

Reduced Rates to Baltimore.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT MEETING OF THE SOVEREIGN GRAND LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS.

For the annual session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows at Baltimore, Md., September 21 to 26, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Baltimore, at greatly reduced rates, from all stations on its lines east of and including Pittsburgh, Erie, and Buffalo.

The rate from Pittsburgh will be \$9.00, from Altoona \$7.49, Erie \$12.00, Williamsport \$6.33, Buffalo \$11.00, Canandaigua \$9.70, Elmira \$8.50, New York \$6.30, Newark, N. J., \$6.10, Reading \$5.15, Wilkes-Barre \$7.05, Dover, Del., \$3.90, with corresponding reductions from all other points.

Tickets will be sold on September 19, 20, and 21, good for return passage leaving Baltimore until September 28, inclusive.

Tickets via Philadelphia permit stop-over within limit, if deposited with the ticket agent at Broad Street Station.

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*Like leaves of trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth now withering on the ground.*

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warn us that winter-time is fast approaching. And we prepare for it. But how about the winter-time of life? When the winter of your life approaches, will it be bare and cheerless as that of the tree stripped of its leaves?

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The New York Commercial Journal says: "There is one American champagne which should find it especially favor as compared with the French. It makes and carries its own honest flavor, whereas the French champagne has NO flavor until it is added through the medium of other liqueurs at the end of the fermenting process. In other words, the French flavor is 'under the American is born'."

Hence the popularity of "Great Western," the gold medal winner at the Paris Exposition.

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